The Centre Reporter.

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THE CENTRE REPORTER.

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Rev. Moses Hopkins, an ex-slave, has been appointed minister to Liberia.

Russia and England have settled their dispute about the Russia-Afghan affair.

Mr. Day, the Democratic nominee for state treasurer is one of Philadelphia's best business men. Quay, his opponent, is an old wire-puller and machine politician.

If General Beaver is to be nominated for governor, let Judge Orvis, of the same town, be the Democratic nominee —an abler man is not in the Democratic ranks in this state.

It is rumored that the Bellefonte *Republican* thinks of putting out a Sunday paper. If it drew on the Bible for accounts of the battle of Jericho and the like it would be news to its readers.

We like the new postal card—it is a pretty improvement on the old one. Only the kind of type "Nothing but the address can be placed on this side," would puzzle an ignoramous of a lawyer to read.

In some quarters Franklin B. Gowan is strongly urged as the next Democratic candidate for governor, and is likely to sweep the state on the anti-discrimination issue. He is brilliant and able and having used up the Mollies he would make it hot for the fellows who had used the Mollies as tools.

A disease among cattle is prevailing in Bernville and vicinity, Berks county. There is no known cure. Many cattle have died. The cattle suddenly become ill and are only sick a few hours before they die. Death invariably results within twenty-four hours after the first symptoms appear.

On Tuesday of last week notices were posted on the bulletin boards in the shops at Altoona announcing that the working hours would until further notice be from 8 a. m. to 12 m. and from 1 p. m. to 5 p. m., being 8 hours a day and no work on Saturday. As rumors of a suspension of men and reduction of time had been circulating in the shops for several days this announcement was no surprise to the men.

From New York, Pittsburg, and other business and manufacturing centers, come cheering reports of a revival of trade, and brighter outlook for business generally. We trust this may be so, as winter is near at hand and with a continuation of the last two years' dullness there would undoubtedly be suffering among the laboring classes, thousands of whom have either been out of work or on half-time.

The Mifflin county Republicans held their convention the other day and nominated Joseph Winters, of Bratton, for Poor Director, and Samuel Dell, of Derry, for Jury Commissioner. General J. P. Taylor was elected delegate to the next State Convention and W. P. Stevenson chairman of the county committee. Resolutions were adopted endorsing Quay and instructing the delegate to the State Convention to support Beaver for Governor.

The great railroad injunction case, as we stated last week, was postponed. Solicitor Scott, of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, asked for a continuance of the South Pennsylvania Railroad injunction case, and the request was granted, the time for the argument being fixed for the 29th inst. Those who expected a great legal battle were disappointed. It is said the Pennsylvania Railroad Co., in answering Cassidy's bill in equity, will admit the attempt to consolidate, but will contend that the Pennsylvania Railroad was chartered long before the law relating to the consolidation of competing lines was passed.

It seems to us so unnatural that Quay should be elected state treasurer over Mr. Day. The masses have been loud in their expressions of hate of boss rule and machine politics. Now let us see whether in November they will vote as they let on to feel, or whether there is no honesty in the majority of the people. If Mr. Quay receives the suffrages of the people of the state, then all their professions for purified politics and good men for places of responsibility are sheer humbug and hypocricy. Quay is the embodiment of all that is loathsome in politics, whether practiced by Democratic or Republican bosses, hence he should be defeated so that leaders may know that machine politics is at a large discount. Mr. Day is a business man of eminent fitness and not besmirched with intrigue, trickery and bossism. His character is as pure as that of any man can be. Men who desire to see honest men in office, are not consistent if they do not vote for Day and against Quay.

AN IMPORTANT ISSUE.

The Philadelphia *Times* thinks the Prohibitionists of Iowa have found themselves outwitted again on a legal point and, as a result, have suffered the worst defeat ever administered to them. Proceedings having been instituted against some liquor sellers in Dubuque their counsel raised the hitherto unheard of point that the proceedings were directly opposed to the civil rights bill and asked that the suit be transferred to the Federal courts. The Court granted the petition and the whole question of prohibiting the sale of liquors is thus given a different turn from any it has ever had.

The section under which this action has been taken is the following from the bill of April 20, 1871:

SEC. 1979. Every person who, under color of any statue, ordinance, regulation, custom or usage of any State or Territory, subjects, or causes to be subjected, any citizen of the United States, or other persons within the jurisdiction thereof, to the deprivation of any rights, privileges or immunities secured by the Constitution and laws, shall be liable to the party injured in an action at law, suit in equity, or other proper proceeding for redress.

It is claimed by the defense that the State of Iowa had encouraged men to settle within its boundaries, thus placing the manufacture and sale of liquor among the "rights, privileges and immunities" secured by the Constitution and the laws.

If this point be sustained by the Federal courts the Prohibition people will learn something of the difference between hunting the tiger and being hunted by the tiger. Such an interpretation would turn the tables most completely. Under the State law the liquor selling is not only made a crime; it is absolutely prohibited. Under the construction maintained by the defense, and now to be judicially determined, the State cannot destroy a business which it has permitted its citizens to follow and build up without compensating its victims.

This is more than an interesting question of law. It has a direct bearing upon the reciprocal relations and powers of the Federal and State Government, and the settlement of the issue will determine to what extent the late amendments and the laws passed in pursuance of them have changed the original or the ante-war construction of the Constitution. It is given a greater importance because the Supreme Court has already declared unconstitutional those sections of the civil rights bill which were intended to secure to negroes equal accommodations in inns, public conveyance and places of amusement.

Some of the Chicago butchers are willing to make food of cholera hogs, and the facts below would almost turn ones stomach against western meat. During last week the Health Inspector condemned 170 cholera-stricken hogs to the tanks. In a slaughter-house in the yards he condemned 29 that had been killed and dressed and were all ready for market. The hogs were the property of various scalpers, who do business in the yards. The heaviest weighed nearly 200 pounds and the smallest was only thirty pounds in weight. The puffed and discolored flesh, inside and out, and the sickening smell which attached to the carcasses made discovery an easy matter. Cholera has never been so prevalent among hogs at the stock yards as it has been this season, and scalpers, it is alleged, instead of endeavoring to stamp out the disease by refusing to purchase, deliberately buy the stock, in the hope that they can evade the Health Inspector. Butchers who will do the like of that should be hung.

The Mollies are at work again and nine persons have been killed by the order in the Luzerne coal region, and mines are frequently fired. Murderers and firebugs go free, and the Coal and Iron Police seem powerless. The "Moonlight" rifle companies are drilling unmolested, and the Association of Miners and Laborers is growing daily by hundreds. It is well known that the Mollie Maguire Brotherhood has been quietly organizing since last April, and a general outbreak is confidently looked for before November. Detectives are watching for the approach of Socialist Gorsuch, of Chicago, who, it is thought, will try to organize a revolt among the miners. The familiar "coffin notices" have been received by members of the Law and Order Society.

Thursday of last week was the Hebrew New Year 5646. It is sacredly observed by every Israelite, and is followed by ten penitential days, preparatory to the Day of Atonement, which begins with the going down of the sun on September 19. For twenty-four hours neither food or water is taken by the devout Hebrew. September 24 the feast of Succoth begins and lasts for eight days. This is celebrated to remind the people of the journey through the wilderness.

All the stores of these people in Bellefonte were closed until 6 o'clock, p. m.

LEVELING THE FORESTS.

The whizz and puff of the steam sawmill can be heard in almost every tract of woodland in Pennsvalley, and our stately pines and sturdy oaks and queenly hemlocks are fast disappearing—disappearing at a rate, if the operations continue thus, which will leave nothing but unsightly stumps in ten years. 'Tis a pity to behold this leveling of our forests, but the ravenous sawmill and the gain-greedy lumbermen know no pity, and the timber must go. It was useless for the poet to write, "Woodman, spare that tree"—sawmills know no sympathy and speculators in lumber know no use for a tree but to fell it with the unsparing axe. These disappearing forests of our valley will one day be missed, in the not far distant future.

We have already learned that the wholesale destruction of our forests is working disastrously to the interests of the agriculturist as it is causing a diminishing of rains, rapid evaporation of the moisture in the soil and a flow over the surface and to the channels of our streams of the rains that should be held and percolate through the earth where they drop. In the forest there is no rushing of water during a rain-fall—it is held by the leaves and grass of the surface and goes down to feed the subterranean reservoirs which keep up our springs. In the open and cleared lands we know this is not the case. The water rushes pell-mell to the sea, streams are swollen only as long as the shower lasts and fall as rapidly after a rain as was their rise during the shower.

But, notwithstanding all these experiences, and the words of caution that have been printed upon this important subject, it seems the forests must go, and the woodman won't heed the poet and spare that tree.

Ireland's population, like that of the American Indian, is on the decay. Emigration to America is no doubt one of the great causes of the decrease, while the wrongs of English rule may act as another cause. Still the Hebrews multiplied under the severest task-masters and in spite of Pharaoh's efforts to keep them on the decreased.

Forty-five years ago the population of the "Green Isle" was 9,000,000 people, a large population for a country only the size of Indiana. To-day, after the lapse of forty-five years, the population is only 5,000,000, a loss in less than half a century of 4,000,000 of people, almost half of the entire population gone from Ireland. The famine of 1843 had much to do with this, but bad government and cruelties by her landlords have done more than famine and pestilence to depopulate the beautiful Isle. It is a serious matter when a man or a woman chooses to leave the home that has been the home of his ancestors for many years, when on account of bad government, unjust laws and cruel system of tenantry there has been driven away nearly half of the population, the question "What's to be done?" comes up. The landlord who draws the rent cannot always enjoy it in Paris and London. He must have part in the fortunes of the people of the country he quits. Tyranny in every form is to pass away, and the day is coming when all men will be blest with good government and just laws.

IN THE BOTTOM OF A SHAFT.

Lying Far Beneath the Surface for Nearly a Week Without Food.

Lebanon, Sept. 8.—The story of a thrilling escape from death by slow starvation came to light to-day. Clayton Klick is nineteen years old and is the son of Henry Klick, a wealthy farmer of Union twp., this county. Last Wednesday morning he took a walk through the "Narrow Valley" for the purpose of gathering blue mountain tea. This was the last seen of him until late last night, when he was hoisted out of the shaft of a deserted coal mine about 140 feet deep, more dead than alive, he not having had any food since his disappearance. He says that while walking along he suddenly found himself sinking into the ground. He was born down into a dark abyss, often striking its rocky sides, until he found himself at the bottom. The wonder is that he was not killed. He landed on his feet, which were badly crushed, while his legs and body were bruised by the concussion.

Here he lay, day after day and night after night, in almost utter darkness, within a narrow space of six feet square. He was unable to move and he would have gladly welcomed death as a relief to his sufferings. His father believed that the boy lay in one of the mine holes, but never expected to see him alive. While walking along the mountain he saw an open air hole near the edge of a hill and heard a faint groan. He shouted into the cavern and received an answer that his son was there. The neighbors were summoned and a number of ropes procured and spliced. With this he was slowly hauled to the surface, when he swooned away.

For all these days he lay in torture at the bottom of the cold, damp air shaft, with nothing to eat or drink. He had become so desperate that he had torn portions of his clothing into shreads and tried to devour them. His body is terribly emaciated and it will require careful nursing to place him on the road to health. Both feet and legs may have to be amputated and his other injuries are of a very serious nature. He was to have been married last Sunday.

OUTLAWS BITE THE DUST.

Jim and Pink Lee Shot to Death by Detectives.

Gainesville, Texas, Sept. 9.—This community was startled at daylight yesterday morning by the announcement that the famous Lee brothers, the terror of Northern Texas, had been actually killed. The first intimation of the killing was the arrival of a farmer's wagon near 1 o'clock this morning, containing the dead bodies of the notorious outlaws, Jim and Pink Lee.

While John and Henry Roff, two respectable cattle-owners of this county, with two officers, one of whom was a Deputy United States Marshal, were on a searching expedition in the Chickasaw Nation for cattle bearing Roff's brand, they came upon the stronghold of the Lee gang and bravely approached the stockade to arrest the cattle-thieves. The desperadoes opened fire through the port-holes of their fortifications, killing both the Roff brothers and the two officers, whose bodies lay exposed for several days and were partly eaten by hogs.

Innumerable rewards have been offered for the capture, dead or alive, of Jim and Pink Lee. The Governor offered a large reward, Cook county offered $1,000 and half a dozen neighboring counties placed a price on their heads, until the total amount of guaranteed rewards reached $7,000, the heaviest by far ever offered in Texas. The rewards drew a host of detectives to this part of the country. As many as forty Eastern and Northern detectives have visited this region in the hope of bagging the big rewards, but few of the Pindertons were willing to venture far away from civilization in searching for their game. The Chicago detectives gave up their job in disgust after looking over the field. It remained for a Texan named Heck Thomas, of Fort Worth, to vanquish the outlaws.

Thomas learned that the Lee brothers were living under assumed names near Dexter. Taking with him Jim Taylor Jim Settles, both of Cook county, he started out Monday morning in search of his human game. Each carried one 16 repeating Winchester, with an extra one slung on his saddle. Their side arms were 44 callibre Colts and a flask of whisky. The Lee brothers were well known to each of the three officers. After the riding about ten hours and visiting numerous ranches, showing numerour photographs of the Lees, the officers finally learned their exact location, and reached the John Washington place at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. Thomas soon spied the two outlaws, who were at that time engaged in cutting John Washington's pasture fence. The three officers rode up within 50 yards of the outlaws before the latter discovered them. They dismounted, and Thomas called on the Lees to surrender. Taken unawares though they were, the outlaws answered with their revolvers, when the detectives opened with their deadly Winchesters.

As the detectives raisen to fire both of the Lees, by Jim's order, laid flat on the ground. Pink was struck at the first fire, and whiled about on the ground piteously until the next volley put an end to his sufferings. As the officers fired they kept advancing. Jim Lee returned the fire very rapidly, although he had a bullet in his neck. After emptying his own revolver, Jim crawled over to where his dead brother lay, and grabbing Pink's weapon he emptied it also at the oncoming officers. About forty shots were fired at Jim before he ceased to move, but, strangely, only two shots took fatal effect.

Perhaps no band of criminals in the United States ever did such bloody work in so brief a period as the Lee gang, headed by Jim and Bill and Pink Lee. Within two years from the first of last May 42 human lives were taken by this band of cattle thieves.

Quay is the man who had "addition, division and silence" Kemble pardoned for his crime of bribing legislators. Do you want Quay elected state treasurer now? Or will you vote for Mr. Day, one of Philadelphia's most upright business men?

THE WONDERS OF AN EGG.

Every one who eats his matutinal egg eats a sermon and a miracle. Inside of that smooth, symmetrical, beautiful shell lurks a question which has been the Troy town for all the philosophers and scientists since Adam. Armed with the engines of war—the microscope, the scales, the offensive weapons of chemistry and reason—they have probed and weighed and experimented, and still the question is unsolved, the citadel unsacked. Prof. Bokorny can tell you that albumen is composed of so many molecules of carbon and nitrogen and hydrogen, and can persuade you of the difference between active and passive albumen, and can show by wonderfully delicate experiments what the aldehydes have to do in the separation of gold from his complicated solutions; but he can't tell you why from one egg comes a "little rid hin," and from another a bantam.

You leave your silver spoon an hour in your egg cup and it is coated with a compound of sulphur; why is that sulphur there? Wonderful that evolution should provide for the bones of the future hen. There is phosphorus also in that little microcosm and the oxygen of the air passing through the shell unites with it and the acid dissolves the shell, thus making good strong bones for the chick and at the same time thinning the prison walls. Chemists know a good deal now about albumen, and if they cannot tell us why life differentiates itself therein and thereby, they can tell you how not to spoil your breakfast by overdoing your eggs.

DOFFING THE HAT.

All Jewish congregations worship with their heads covered; so do the Quakers, although St. Paul's injunctions on the matter are clearly condemnatory of the practice. The puritans of the Commonwealth would seem to have kept their hats on, whether preaching or being preached to, since Pepys notes hearing a simple clergyman exclaiming against men wearing their hats in the church; and a year afterward (1662) writes: "To the French Church in the Savoy, and where they have the Common Prayer Book, read in French, and which I never saw before, the minister to preach with his hat off, I suppose in further conformity with our church." William the Third scandalized his church-going subjects by following Dutch custom, and keeping his head covered in church, and when it did please him to doff his ponderous hat during the service, he invariably donned it as the preacher mounted the pulpit stairs. When Bossuet at the age of fourteen, treated the gay fellows of the Hotel de Rambouillet to a midnight sermon, Voltaire sat it out with his hat on, but uncovering when the boy-preacher had finished, bowed low before him, saying: "Sir, I never heard a man preach at once so early and so late." As a token of respect, uncovering the head is one of the oldest of courtesies.

Lamenting the decay of respect to age, Clarendon tells us that in his young days he never kept his hat on his head before his elders, except at dinner. A curious exception, that, to modern notions of politeness, but it was the custom to sit covered at meals down to the beginning of the eighteenth century. Sir John Finett, deputy master of the ceremonies at the Court of King James the First, was much puzzled as to whether the Prince of Wales should sit covered or not at dinner in the presence of the sovereign, when a foreign ambassador was one of the guests; since the latter, as the representative of a king, was not expected to vail his bonnet. Giving James a hint of his difficulty, his Majesty disposed of it when the time came, by uncovering his head for a little while, an example all present were bound to follow; and then, putting on his hat again, requested the prince and the ambassador to do likewise. "Hats need not be raised here," so, it is said, runs a notice in one of Nuremberg's streets. "Hats must be raised here," should have been inscribed on the Kremlin gateway, where a government officer used to stand to compel passers by to remove their hats, because, under that gate, the retreating army of Napoleon withdrew from Moscow. Whether the regulation is in force at this day is more than we know.

A CHINESE PRINTING OFFICE.

In a San Francisco Chinese printing office the manner of putting a newspaper on the press and printing is very primitive. The editor takes American newspapers to friends, from whom he gets a translation of the matter he needs, and after getting it written in Chinese in a manner satisfactory to him he carefully writes it upon paper chemically prepared. Upon the bed of the press, which is of the style that went out of use with the last century, is a lithograph stone. Upon this the paper is laid until the impression of the character is left there. A large roller is inked and passed over the stone after it has been dampened with a wet sponge, and nothing remains but to take the impression upon the newspaper to be. The Chinese pressman prints three papers every five minutes, five papers in the same time less than Benjamin Franklin had a record for. The life of a Chinese journalist is a happy one. He is free from care and thought, and allows all the work in the establishment to be done by the pressman. The Chinese compositor has not arrived. The Chinese editor, like the rest of his countrymen, is imitative. He does not depend upon his brain for editorials, but translates them from all the contemporaneous American newspapers he can get. There is no humorous department in the Chinese newspaper. The newspaper office has no exchanges scattered over the floor, and in nearly all other things it differs from the American establishment. The editorial room is connected by a ladder with bunks on the loft above, where the managing editor sleeps, and next to it is, invariably, a room where an opium bunk and a layout reside. Evidences of domestic life are about the place, pots, kettles, and dishes taking up about as much room as the press. In all cases, no disposition is shown to elevate the position of the "printer" above his surroundings. If an editor finds that journalism does not pay, he gets a job washing dishes or chopping wood, and he does not think he has descended far either.

Prudence will direct us to be cautious what debts we contract; but when they become due, justice requires that they be punctually discharged; otherwise we keep possession while another has the right.

VERY VENTURESOME.

"Yes, Mikle," said Uncle Silas, "I allus was venturesome, as you'll say yourself when I've told thee how it was. I had been helping to move Uncle Jim's family out to Illinoy, an' was on my way back with an ox team. It had been rainin' right smart for several days, an' when I got to Blue Bear river it was on a reg'lar tear. I tell thee, Mikle, it looked savage, but I didn't think nothin' of it then. It was runnin' bank full, an' drift was a comin' down heavy. I was anxious to get back home, for I'd been away quite a spell, an' I knowed that even if it didn't rain any more, it would take the river several days to run down. I had a turrible good yoke of oxen; heavy, big-boned fellers they was, an' I made up my mind I'd resk it. Jist as I was about to drive in, a woman came out of a house on the bank an' begun to cry like all sin.

"'What's the matter, mam?' says I.

"'Oh, sir,' says she, 'don't you try to go over there, or you'll never come out alive, an' you'll lose your team, too, an' them's onpowerful good oxen, an it's a pity to waste 'em', says she, wipin' her eyes on her aprun an' kind o' chirkin' up like.

"I told her I had to be gittin' home, an' that I would have to chance it. At that she begin to bawl agin, an' tole me to put my trust in God, an' aim for a big sycamore tree thar was on the other bank. I thanked her kindly, shook hands, an' yelled to the off ox as I fetched the nigh one a lick with the gad. Into the water we went kerchug, leavin' the woman standin' there ringin' her hands an' cryin' as though the frost had killed all her cabbage. It kind o' unjinted my nerves a little to hear her screechin', but I had no time to git flip-flappy in the heart, for it took smart eye-peelin' to dodge the drift. The water riz up into the wagon bed afore I got quite half way, an' then we begun to strike the current, which was runnin' onpowerful swift, an' to save me I couldn't keep the oxen from bein' washed down stream. They veered down an' furder down yit, an' the upshot of it was that we took a circle an' kim out on the same side, about eighty rod down stream. I druv 'em back up to the startin' place agin.

"'Don't try it any more,' said the woman; 'you're a darin' providence by so doin'.'

"But my dander was up, an' I was determined to git over this time, so on we went kersplash, but I yelled back to the woman:

"'If I don't come out on t'other side, write to Lifalet Z. Cloverprice, Bugtown, Muskeetur county, Indiana,' to which she yelled back:

"'Ke-rect! Bar a leetle more haw!'

"That saved me. I had been goin' a leetle mite too much gee, but she could see from where she stood better'n me, an' by the time they struck the stiffest part of the current I had ther heads fur enough up to slide 'em through, an, arter a hard tussel we come out all right; but I tell thee, Mikle, it kep' me so busy with the gad that when I landed I was all in a swet, an' the cattle was so warmed up with the trip thar wasn't a wet hair on 'em in five minutes. The woman was so tickled to see me strike the bank all right that she rushed into the yard an' grabbed a red flannin petticut off'n the line an' waved it for quite a spell to show her joy. I waved back a meal bag I'd had feed in, as I started up the cattle an' passed on out of sight. Yes, Mikle, I allus was venturesome, as thee can see for thyself."

THE DOLLAR DIDN'T GET AWAY.

It seemed to be the general opinion that the Southern negro was naturally lightfingered, but all at once a drummer for a Philadelphia saddlery house threw away his cigar stub and said:

"Gentlemen, here is a silver dollar. I'll bet it can be left on the table in my room up stairs for twenty-four hours and no one will remove it."

A gentleman from Macon said he would like to wager $5 on that, and the terms were soon settled. It was agreed that the drummer should go to his room and lay the dollar on the table, and if it was there at the same hour next day the wager was his. Several marked the coin and recorded the date, and the drummer was trusted to leave it as agreed.

Next day, at the same hour, a committee of three visited the room. Several colored people had been in and out while engaged in their vocations, but the dollar was there.

"Gentlemen, is the negro honest or is he not?" queried the drummer, as he pointed to the coin.

We advanced to make sure it was the one. There was no mistake. The date—1879—was there; the nicks in the edge were there, but the drummer had taken it to a machinist to have a hole drilled through it, and had then screwed it down to the table. It was there so tight and fast that only a heavy screwdriver could loosen it.

"I have won," modestly exclaimed the drummer.

WHEN TO REST.

When the sun sinks low in the western sky,
Then lay the tools or the needle by;
  Labor is for the light.
"I have won my rest for a little while;
  Good-night, my work, good-night!"

Many a trouble man must bear,
But the day is the time for thought and
    care—
  The day for watch or fight.
When the key is turned in the store then
    say:
"To-morrow is another day;
  Worry, good-night! good-night!"

Anger may meet us the whole day long,
For the good must still resist the wrong,
  The true fight for the right;
But oh, when the shadows of evening fall
The spirit of gentle peace recall,
  And say to the wrong, "Good-night!"

For an hour or two let all thoughts cease,
Be glad in the household of joy and peace,
  Rejoice in its love and light;
Then sleep, but first with a kind heart say:
"For the help you have given me through
    the day,
  Tired hands and feet, good-night!"

"Good-night, my soul, for I cannot know,
While my body sleeps, where thou wilt go,
  All space and reason scorning!
But thee may all good angels keep,
And fill with holy dreams my sleep
  Until we say, 'good-morning.'"

A LOCK OF HAIR.

It was midnight by the clock of Egyptian design that stood on the mantelpiece of my library. I had been to a dinner party at which there were several intellectual men and two or three lovely women, and had on my return thrown myself into the most luxurious chair in the room. Then I had lighted a cigar and had composed myself to think for half an hour before going to bed.

I had a good deal with which to occupy my thoughts. I was writing a book on an obtuse subject connected with the mind. A patient in whom I was greatly interested had not responded as decidedly as was desirable to the remedies I was giving him, and then—and truth compels me to say that this was pre-eminent—the young lady I had escorted to the dining room would not get out of my mental vision, though I had honestly tried my best to banish her. Finally I gave up the attempt and allowed my imagination to run loose with all sorts of erratic ideas, of which she formed a prominent feature. I began then to think I was in love, and if so, it was the first time that the faintest gleam of the tender passion had ever shone in my heart.

I was an old bachelor—so called—though under fifty. Many assaults, so I had been told, had been made on my celibacy by designing mammas working in the interests of their daughters, but I had gallantly held the citadel of my affections against them all, and had about reached the conclusion that I should remain single all my life. Society seemed to have arrived at the opinion that I was not a "marrying man," and hence, when I went to receptions and dinners and balls—as I did very often—it fell to my lot to look after the dowagers and wall-flowers. I was always willing to make myself useful in this way, and therefore I was a welcome guest wherever I went. I was well-to-do, as the world looks at matters. My practice was excellent. I held a professorship in a noted medical college, and I had written several works that had been well received by the profession. Beside, I had a small fortune that my father had left me.

But I was in love with my profession, and when a physician gets into that state in which he finds something more in his studies than his "bread and butter" he is not very apt to be led away by the blandishments of women, no matter how attractive they may be for mankind in general, or how assiduously they make use of their charms. Now, so far as I know, I was in love, and that, too, with a woman that I had never seen before that night, of whom I had no other knowledge than that derived from three hours' conversation and observation, and of whose antecedents I was altogether ignorant, except that, meeting her in good society, I was bound to take it for granted that she was a lady. I had always prided myself on my knowledge of women, and if I knew anything at all I knew that no one of her sex reveals her true nature to a man during the first three hours of her acquaintance with him. I was conscious, therefore that I was making a fool of myself, and acting in opposition to some of my most cherished principles in being caught in this ignoble manner. True, she had made no effort so far as I could perceive to capture me, I had fallen into the pit solely through my own mishaps, and that made it all the worse. I was old enough to have known better. Well, many a wiser man than I has been caught in fully as easy and idiotic a way by a pretty face and engaging manners. If there was any consolation in that knowledge I had it in abundance.

I had not thought her particularly attractive, as we talked together in the drawing room before going into dinner. She had, it is true, a beautiful face and figure, but though I was an old fool, probably, I was not such a big one as to be caught by allurements of that kind. She had not talked much, and what she had said was of very little consequence. I was not quite sure that she was not weakminded, for there was a certain degree of abstraction in her manner that had prevented her replying at once to my remarks. She had appeared to me to be in a kind of reverie, or rather, of mental inaction, from which she had to rouse herself before she could gather her thoughts together, so as to comprehend my speeches and frame suitable responses. Her brain had struck me as being one of those slow working ones so often met with in persons who, without being absolute idiots, are, nevertheless not far removed from imbecility; in whom the cerebral cells are never ready for action, and in whom some extraordinary exaltation is necessary to start them going.

Besides this, there was a look of surprise in her face which was altogether incongruous, for there was nothing in her surroundings at all calculated to develop wonder or astonishment. The remarks that, during the ten minutes subsequent to my presentation and the signal from the hostess that dinner was ready, I had addressed to her were of the most commonplace description, and yet each time I had spoken to her she had raised her eyebrows in amazement, and then, after a minute or so of apparent mental vacuity, had stammered out some simple response, generally a "Yes" or "No," or a few words not so decided in their meaning.

Still to a certain extent she had fascinated me from the very beginning without at that time exciting my admiration. Into this feeling there entered a strong degree of professional interest. There was something morbid about her, of that I am sure, and I made up my mind to study her as far as I could consistently with the requirements of politeness. Certainly she was beautiful; but then, as I have said, mere facial beauty did not go much with me. I was constantly on the lookout for expressions in the faces of the men and women that came in my way, and hers was not of the kind that pleased me. One feature she had, however, that was magnificent, and that was a kind of golden-red hair, nowhere observed in such perfection nowadays as in Lombardy and Venice. I could see at a glance that had she let it down it would have reached to her feet, and as to the color, it was superb.

I was apprehensive that I would pass a stupid two or three hours at the swell dinner that was about to come off, but anticipation was agreeably disappointed, for a more charming companion it had never been my good fortune to meet than the one that sat next to me at that table. No sooner had she eaten the half-dozen oysters before her, and drank the glass of Chablis that was poured out for her, than an entire change ensued in her manner and mental characteristics. She become vivacious, quick to perceive the drift of my remarks, ready to repartee, witty to a degree that I had never seen equaled in a woman, while her face lighted up with an intelligence that astonished while it enlightened me. I was enraptured, overwhelmed, enthralled, everything in fact that expresses the complete surrender that she had acquired over me, and that is indicative of the dominance of love. As the dinner went on, there was no diminution in her flow of spirits, or in the appositeness of every word she utttered—now she was beautiful, now there was expression in all the infinite variety of which the human face is capable, and when I handed her into the carriage I felt sure that my happiness for the comparatively few years of life that yet remained to me depended on the fact of my being able to get her for my wife.

Mary Plouman was her name. I sent my brougham away and walked home in the cold winter air, hoping to cool my head and calm the beatings of my old heart. I did not succeed very well, and therefore, when I threw myself into the big chair and stretched out my legs, and puffed away at the strongest cigar I could find, my thoughts all went to her. Years I gave her. A mature woman, just about of a suitable age to be the wife of a middle-aged man like myself. From Tunkhannock she came, so she had told me, and was stopping at the Windsor hotel, where I was by her permission going to call on the following day to make her a visit. Where was Tunckhannock? I had never heard of the place before. I had an idea however, that it was somewhere in the oil region of Pennsylvania, but in this I was mistaken. I got my gazetteer and hunted up the name—"A village in Wyoming county, Pennsylvania. Population 953." I knew enough of geography to know that Wyoming was in the coal district. Doubtless she owned mines of coal and iron, else why should she live in such an insignificant village as Tunkhannock was.

There was something strange about her; something that interested me intensely, and at the same time frightened me. Why had the mental inertia disappeared as soon as she began to eat and drink? Why had there been any mental inertia—stupidity it really was—after all? Why had she been so preternaturally brilliant at the table? Which was her normal condition? Perhaps after all she had only been mentally preoccupied and a glass of wine had excited her brain to new thoughts. Clearly hers was a case to study, and I resolved to study it, but I was none the less in love.

So I went on thinking and smoking, till I finished the cigar, and then getting up seriously from the comfortable chair, made ready to go upstairs to bed. I was just about turning out the argand burner over the table, when a loud ring at the doorbell, sounding in the stillness of the night with ten fold its ordinary loudness, startled me for a moment almost out of my wits. All the servants had hours ago gone to bed, so I walked the long passageway with no pleasant feelings in my heart toward the unseasonable intruder, and ready on slightest provocation to treat him with short courtesy. I threw open the door, and there on the steps stood a woman.

"I wish to see Dr. Waldron immediately," she said in quick, sharp tones.

"I am Dr. Waldron."

"If I am to talk with you I would like to come in."

"Very well, madame," getting out of the way as I spoke, and thus allowing her to enter. "Come in by all means. It is nearly 1 o'clock and the doctors must expect unseasonable visitors."

"Of course. If people had their option in the matter they would probably prefer to get sick during the daytime. This visit I assure you, is as disagreeable to me as it is to you."

I offered her a chair as she entered the room, and when she had taken it embraced the opportunity of looking at her.

She was 60 at least, and had the appearance of being a housekeeper or some kind of upper servant. There was nothing in her looks to excite interest. Her expression was one of calmness and diguity. My prime object was to get rid of her as soon as possible.

"Now madame," I said, with a slight accent of impatience in my voice, "I shall be obliged to you if you will tell me the object of your visit."

She made no answer in words, but plunging her hand into a pocket of her frock, produced a small package, which she laid on the table.

"I have heard that you give special attention to disease of the brain, and that you are very successful in discovering their true character. I wish your services for a patient who is under my immediate charge, and who is very dear to me. I am her governess, guardian and nurse. I am so thoroughly acquainted with her symptoms that I can give them to you with absolute fidelity, so that it will not be necessary for you to see your———"

"Stop, if you please'" I exclaimed, "I never under any circumstances, give an opinion of a patient that I have not thoroughly personally examined. If you wish me to break through this rule you may save yourself further trouble, for I shall not violate it now."

"I am prepared for that objection," she answered with entire composure. "I am a Russian and in my country there are physicians—and wonderful men they are, too—that are able to discern the nature of a malady from inspecting, not necessarily the whole body, but a portion. I do not suppose that American doctors are their inferiors, and I have been led to suppose that you are still more skilful. I cannot allow you at present to see my charge, but you can, if you choose, inspect a portion of her body. I have it here in this package."

"Great Heavens!" I thought. "What a horrible woman!" I looked at the small parcel that lay on the table. It was large enough to contain an eye, a finger, the tongue, or ear. I was shocked beyond measure, not only at the cold-blooded revelations of the woman, but at the awful ignorance and superstition that they implied. That she had in some way mutilated the poor woman under her control I had no doubt. I turned my eyes towards her and now I noticed what I had not seen before, the Tartar cast of her features. She noticed my inspection.

"I am a Cossack," she said proudly, "My father was a prince. You are horrified at what I have told you, but your emotion is entirely misplaced. See!"

As she spoke the last words she tore open the package she had brought with her, and disclosed to my astonished gaze a long lock of golden-red hair. She drew it slowly between her fingers, as though admiring it, but seemed bent on some intense thought that the contemplation suggested.

I broke the silence.

"And you expect me to prescribe for a patient by simply looking at a lock of her hair! I am sorry to find that you are so ignorant and credulous as to believe that such a thing can be done."

"Ignorant and credulous I may be," she answered, with a sharp tone of contempt in her voice, "but I know that there are physicians in my country who could, by merely looking at these few strands, discover all the phases of my darling's disease—its cause, its seat and its cure. You are supposed to be enlighted, you have microscopes and chemical tests, and God only knows what else, and yet when I give you a lock of hair that grew not half an inch from the spot where my poor child suffers the most agonizing pain, you can tell me nothing."

"Give me the hair," I said, as an idea flashed with the rapidity of a stroke of lightning through my mind.

"Yes," she exclaimed with eagerness. "Take it. I am sure you can find out something. You will save her from death, or," she added, "from what is worse, a lunatic asylum."

I took the long silken tress in my hands. It was exactly the same color as the hair I had so much admired two hours before on the head of Miss Mary Plouman. It was fully four feet in length. I was sure of its identity.

"How did you get this?" I inquired.

"I cut it off of course."

"Why can I not see the patient?"

"Because her father and mother have called on two other physicians who are now with her and they would object to your seeing her. I made an excuse for being absent and taking a carriage came here to consult you."

"Then as she has medical attendance, I cannot interfere. May I ask the patient's name?"

"You may ask what you please, but as you refuse to help me, I shall have nothing further to do with you. Give me back the hair and let me go."

She stretched out her hand and seizing the lock, began to draw it through my fingers. As the last part of it escaped my grasp I felt that the ends were rough.

"Stop!" I exclaimed. "Let me look at this a moment."

I held it under the full glare of the argand burner, and, picking up a hand lens that lay on the table, looked through it at the bunch of ends.

"You did not cut this hair," I said, severely, "for it has been torn out by the roots, every single strand of it."

"Then you can tell something after all from looking at a lock of hair from a woman's head. Ha. ha! I thought you were wiser than you gave yourself credit for being. You see, I knew you better than you knew yourself. Shall I tell you something else? Yes, I will. You recognize the hair. It came from the head of the woman you love. I saw it in your eyes. Well, she has just 279 strands less than when you last saw her. I pulled them out as she stepped lightly from your carriage, and I counted every one of them as I came here. Two hundred and seventy-nine. Neither one more, nor one less. It was a hard thing to do, wasn't it? What a horrible cry she gave."

She bent forward as she uttered these last words and hissed into my face with a look of malicious cunning on her countenance that was as diabolical a one as I had ever seen.

I was almost overcome with horror. How my darling must have suffered as the wretched woman tore from her tender skin the silken strands that lay before me. I looked at them again, almost expecting to see a portion of the scalp hanging to them. But I did not waste much time in reflection.

"You vile monster!" I exclaimed as I rose from my chair and pulled down the little lever of the district telegraph apparatus and gave the signal for a policeman. "You are probably insane; but, lunatic or not, I'm going to have you taken care of for the night at least. Such tigresses as you are not to be allowed to run at large to torture women as you, by your own confession, have tortured Miss Plouman."

"A lunatic!" she shrieked, "and you've just found it out! A pretty doctor you are! Yes, I'm a lunatic, and that hair came from Sarah Spine' head. She's the chief nurse in ward No. 6 in the Woman's Lunatic Asylum on the island. I'm the crazy Cossack Princess. Ha, ha! Miss Plouman! She's the girl you're in love with. I've found out all your secrets and now I'm ready to go back. I heard them tellin' about you as a great mad doctor, so I thought I'd get out and see for myself. An' I've seen enough. I've taken your measure, and now I'll go back. You don't care so much about the hair now, do you? Well, neither do I. Keep it for luck. Sarah won't begrudge it to you. There's your policeman," and the door-bell rang. "Come along!"

She led the way to the front door, and I, after making a short statement of the facts in my possession and my inference from them gave her in charge.

I did not sleep soundly that night, but I was still in love with Mary Plouman, and the long lock of golden-red hair lay on my library table.

How He Slipped Through.(?)

He was a New York drummer representing a new-fangled buggy top, a model of which occupied a portion of the two seats the young man was scattered over. He had just returned from the wash-room, where he had laundried his celluloid collar and cuffs and changed his silk cap for a late Broadway tile. Without loss of time he proceeded to exhibit the model to the several passengers on the sleeper, as the train rapidly approached Memphis.

Turning to a passenger just behind him, he said: "Do you reside in Memphis?"

"Yes, sir," came the reply.

"They require drummers to take out a $10 license there, don't they?" continued the buggy-top and celluloid-collar-and-cuffs young man.

"I believe they do," replied the Memphian.

"Do you know," continued the model young man, "I think a law of that kind an outrage, and the place is rightly called a taxing district, and should never be called anything else. What's the fine in case you don't take out the license?"

"There's no fine at all; if the officers catch you working without a license they simply make you take one out."

"That so! Well they'll have to catch me before I take out any, and if I'm not slick enough to slip through a lot of bad, jug-headed Memphis peelers, I'll leave the road and go on a farm. Do you think there's any chance of my making a sale there?"

"I should think you might sell to some of the carriage makers."

"I suppose you are in business in Memphis?"

"Yes."

"What line?"

"I'm captain of police there."

"S-a-y, I'll—I'll come up to the office if I stop over, but I think I'll go on to Louisville."

"Suit yourself about that," replied Capt. George O'Haver, with a smile, as he started to the platform amid a roar of laughter from the other passengers.

Teaching a Prince a Lesson.

When the Duke of Edinburgh was in command of the Galatea, the vessel put into Simon's Bay, and shortly afterwards all the captains in port were invited to lunch with the commodore. They all came on board in due course, the royal duke being the only man among them who had not mounted uniform. All were welcomed in a hearty manner, and very soon the commodore passed the word for the captains to lunch in his cabin. All but H. R. H., who felt remarkably hungry and envious as he heard the sounds of feasting below. At last he ventured to remark that the gentlemen below were evidently enjoying themselves. "Yes," said the commodore, "will you allow me to take you down? I can not go down myself, as I must wait on deck."

"Wait on deck?" said the duke.

"Yes, your Royal Highness. I must wait for the captain of the Galatea."

Alfred took the hint so delicately conveyed, and lost no time in getting back to his vessel. When he returned in full rig, the commodore received him as if they had never met before. "How is your Royal Highness? Will you step down to luncheon? You are a little late, but I hope you will not find anything cold."

"Don't mention it," said His Royal Highness, with a smile. "It's my own fault if I do."

So down to luncheon they went, and on future occasions the captain of the Galatea was always careful about his uniform.

Red Jacket.

A writer on board of the United States man-of-war Pensacola, at Gibraltar, says: "Lying at anchor off Funchal we found the hulk of the celebrated American-built clipper ship Red Jacket, dismantled to her lower masts, the sight of which recalled vividly to the mind of old sailors the palmy days when the Yankee clippers surpassed the world in fleetness as ocean carriers. The Red Jacket, for the short time she was under the stars and stripes was in the 'Frisco Packet Service, made a record as a fleet-winged messenger of commerce which has never been surpassed, and her subsequent career under the English ensign has been the theme for frequent conversation among sailors and all nautically-inclined people. The Red Jacket is now used as a coal bulk by a Funchal merchant, who purchased her from her English owners for that purpose about two years ago. She was then loaded with coal at Cardiff, Wales, and sailed from thence to Madeira in six days, a distance of 1200 miles, against prevailing adverse winds, evincing the sprightliness of youth in her old age."

Dr. Phipson advocates, in a German scientific journal, the general use of sugar as a regular article of diet. For forty years he has eaten at least a quarter of a pound daily, not counting sugar forming substances taken at the same time, and has found it very healthful. Men's condition would be greatly improved if the use of sugar should substitute alcohol.

Pearls and Carnations.

"Eugenia, I declare I cannot decide whether I shall wear these beautiful carnations or this magnificent tiara of pearls in my hair this evening," cried Lady Albina, as, standing before a mirror that reflected her graceful figure in its full proportion, she held the rival ornaments in either hand, and, with a glance of gratified female pride, turned to her sister, who was more quietly arranging a stray curl in her "coiffure," to determine the important question.

"Albina, my dear," she replied, "you know that the carnations were sent you by Frederick Langrish, and that he has requested you will wear them this evening."

"Pooh! You are always conjuring up the phantom of Frederick Langrish. What if he did send me the carnations? Sir William Byfield has told me, a thousand times, that pearls look more becoming in my dark hair."

"I fear, Albina, that Sir William's flattery has made too great an impression on your mind. I would be sorry to say its poison had reached your heart."

"Nay, sister, there you positively are wrong! Sir William is, without doubt, an elegant, insinuating fellow; and it is such a triumph over those odious Ormsbys to monopolize his attention. But you know I do love Frederick; he is very sensible, but horridly stupid."

"That means, Albina, that he will not flatter your vanity by the sacrifice of his sincerity; but you are not ignorant how devotedly he is attached to you."

"Eugenia, for Heaven's sake drop the lachrymose subject, or you will so damp my spirits that I shall appear tonight as somber as the tragic muse. Blonde, don't you think the pearls will best suit my complexion this evening?"

"Certainly, my lady," replied the obsequious Abigail who answered to the name of Blonde.

The pearls were accordingly wreathed in the shining tresses of her raven hair—her toilet was complete—and as she drew on a snowy little glove over a still more snowy little hand, she cast one parting glance at her mirror; and beholding herself armed at all points for conquest, her cheeks flushed and her dark eyes sparkled with conscious delight at her anticipated triumphs.

On entering the ball-room all eyes were turned on the fair sisters; but the dazzling beauty of Albina, her buoyant step and radiant smiles, chained the eyes and won the admiration of the beholders. Scarcely had she reached a seat until Sir William Byfield was at her side, congratulating her on the irresistible power of her charms. She waltzed with him, and afterward permitted him to lead her into the shrubbery.

Choosing one of the most secluded paths, they rambled on without interruption for some time, Sir William urging his suit with all the impassioned eloquence of which he was master, while his irresolute companion, half-terrified at the perilous situation into which her weak vanity had hurried her, could not conceal from herself that however fascinating Sir William might be, he still had not gained that place in her affections which the noble manliness of Frederick Langrish had obtained.

Already she repented her rashness, and was earnestly imploring Sir William to return, when, at a sudden angle in the walk, she beheld her injured lover standing with folded arms, as if awaiting their approach.

Had a specter met her view, the wretched girl would have been less shocked.

A faint scream escaped her lips, and covering her face with her shawl, she endeavored to escape his penetrating eye; while Byfield, enraged at such an untimely interruption, said, with a contemptuous sneer, "What a capital statue of the 'Listening Slave' Mr. Langrish would make, could we but add a little to his natural petrifaction! Don't you agree with me, Lady Albina?"

The humiliated coquette could not utter a single word. Frederick approached—she saw him not—but she heard him in his sweet, firm voice, say, "Lady Albina, is this well? From this moment we are parted—forever! For you, Sir William, I shall reserve my sentiments to a more fitting time."

Extricating herself from Byfield's arm, she fled with maniac speed to the house. Eugenia, who had been alarmed at her absence and was anxiously awaiting her return, perceived by her manner that something unusual had occurred. The carriage was immediately ordered, and the agitated girl, supporting her trembling limbs on her sister's arm, quitted the scene of hollow mirth with very different feelings from those experienced on joining the giddy throng.

In the carriage, Albina, relieved from the presence of prying eyes, flung herself into Eugenia's bosom, and gave vent to her suppressed emotion in a torrent of tears. Her gentle sister vainly endeavored to draw from her the cause of her affliction; convulsive sobs and self-reproaches were the only answers she obtained.

On reaching home the sisters retired to Albina's chamber. The rejected carnations lay still upon the toilet table. They met Albina's eye. Snatching them up, she pressed them eagerly to her lips and to her bosom, and flinging loose her dark tresses, dashed the splendid tiara of pearls which adorned them on the floor.

"For these worthless baubles," she exclaimed, with frantic energy, "have I bartered my future happiness! Frederick, Frederick! save me from the precipice! Sir William, the fiend, is luring me on! Ha, ha, ha!" And she fell senseless into the arms of her sister and an attendant.

It was a calm, still summer evening; the last red beams of the setting sun were streaming through the partially closed shutters of her chamber window, when Albina, waking as from a long and wearisome dream, endeavored to collect her scattered senses to assure herself of the reality of her present situation.

A thousand vague ideas flitted through her mind; the remembrance of fearful visions and horrid shapes distracted her; she was conscious of a heavy load of misery, but she could not define its nature or extent. She stretched forth her thin, small hand upon the counterpane; it fell upon a few withered carnations laid carefully together. A ray of light darted across her benighted mind; she started up wildly in the bed. "These flowers—these flowers'—there is a tale of horror connected with them! Ha!"

"You must be still, my lady," said a voice, in the well-known accents of her maid, hurrying from a low couch near the patient's bed; "pray, be still! The doctor has ordered you to be kept quiet; and my Lady Eugenia has only just gone from your bedside, which the poor, dear, young lady has hardly quitted these three weeks."

"I believe I have been very ill, Blonde?"

"Ill? Lor'! my lady, we never thought to hear your voice again."

"These flowers, Blonde?—I remember something—but my head is very weak."

"Alas! my lady, no one dare take them from you since that unfortunate night; and it was poor Mr. Frederick's last wish———"

"Frederick! Frederick's last wish?"

"Yes, my lady; that odious fellow, Sir William Byfield, shot him at Boulogne-sur-Mer in a duel."

"Ha! Frederick Langrish shot!—'tis not, then, a dream—and I am his destroyer!"

She clasped her forehead between her hands, and, uttering a thrilling shriek, sunk back senseless upon her pillow.

More than an hour elapsed before Albina showed signs of returning sensation. At length she opened her eyes slowly; but their dull, leaden gaze told that the light of reason had forever deserted them. She looked on once-familiar faces with vacant curiosity; she spoke of Frederick Langrish, but no tear came to her relief. Seven days she continued in this state, calm as a sleeping child. At length the moment arrived that was to release her gentle spirit from its earthly bondage.

"She pass'd—
And they who watched her nearest could not know
The very instant, till the change that cast
Her sweet face into shadow, dull and slow,
Glazed o'er her eyes—the beautiful, the black—
Oh! to possess such luster, and then lack."

A Smart Boy.

Old Bill Pontin of Franklin street, New York, went to the Coney Island races not long ago. A bright boy about 12 years old was his companion. Mr. Pontin became interested in several horses, and sent the boy to buy pool tickets. He bought five tickets, one after another, and each time Uncle Bill drew a blank. On the following day he and the boy again went to the races. The veteran bought two pool tickets, and, as usual, lost his money. On the third race he caught a stray tip, and drew a $5 note from his pocket "Take this to the pool box," he said to the boy, "and buy me a ticket on Irene."

"Which horse is she?" the boy asked, and the old man pointed her out. "H'm!" the urchin exclaimed. "She can't win. She couldn't run for sour apples."

"Well, get me a ticket on her anyway," Uncle Bill remarked. "Lightning strikes in queer places sometimes."

The boy departed, and quickly returned with a ticket. Bill shoved it in his waistcoat pocket, and watched the race with breathless interest. Irene swept around the curves with the ruck of runners, and on entering the home-stretch began to show up in front. Old Bill was in ecstacy. He jumped to his feet, swung his Mackinaw above his head, and cheered like a Tamany heeler. The mare passed under the string a winner.

"Struck 'em at last," the old man shouted to his friends, as he crowded up to the pool box, ticket in hand, and demanded his share of the winnings. The clerk looked at the ticket, and shook his head. "You're too old a man for such busines," he said. "That's one of yesterday's tickets. Go and eat a pig's foot, and tumble to yourself, old man."

Uncle Bill was dazed. He hunted up the boy and forced an explanation. The boy began to snuffle, and to wipe his eyes with the back of his hand. "Well, I didn't think that such an old crab as that could win," he muttered, "and I thought I might as well have the $5 as the pool seller. So I picked up an old ticket, and shoved the note in my pocket, Here it is. I don't want it if you want it."

Uncle Bill swore like an "offensive partisan." He threatened to break the boy's back, but finally compromised on taking the $5 note, and allowed the smart lad to walk back to New York via the Brooklyn bridge. Pools on Irene paid genuine ticket holders $230.

Lots of Fun.

Little Jimmy Jones, aged 7 years, came running home crying, and spitting blood and teeth out of his mouth, while his lips were black, and burned, and swollen.

"O, mercy! Is my boy killed?" shrieked the agonized mother.

A hasty examination revealed the fact that most of her boy was at home, and that his life and health were also in the vicinity.

"Stop your noise," she commanded: "you are not much hurt. Tell me all about it, and mind that you tell the truth."

"Me and Tommy Toodles," said the boy between sobs, "was playin' in the stable, when my holler tooth commenced to achin', and Tommy said he could cure it. He put some black powder in my tooth and touched it off with a match."

"Didn't you have any more sense than to let him blow your tooth out with gunpowder?" asked Mrs. Jones, severely.

"Tommy said it wouldn't hurt, and we'd have lots of fun," said Jimmy, brightening up and attempting to laugh.

"It was awful funny—wasn't it?—to have your mouth burned and your teeth blown out," said his mother ironically. "Tommy had all the fun."

"No, he didn't, mamma. I lost all my teeth, I guess, but you orter see Tommy! Two of my teeth is stickin' in his nose, and one of his ears is clean gone!"

Helpless Upon a Friendless Sea!

Who, in taking passage in a great trans-Atlantic steamer, does not feel a thrill of exultation over her magnificent power. Against her the Storm King may hurl his elemental forces, nor pierce her armor, nor stop her onward course.

But let me describe a scene when, one morning in mid-ocean, there came an alarm from the pilot house followed by a cry: "The ship's rudder is lost!" From the confident expression, consternation came to every face. The wheelman being helpless to direct her course, the vessel was at the mercy of wind and wave.

The captain had been negligent—the hangings of the rudder were allowed to wear weak, and suddenly it had dropped deep into the sea!

Strong in intellect, in physical vigor, in energy and ambition, man confronts, undaunted, gigantic tasks and commands applause for his magnificent achievements. But, all unexpectedly, an alarm comes—the rudder of his constitution is gone. He has been careless of its preservation; mental strain, nervous excitement, irregular habits, overwork, have destroyed the action of his kidneys and liver. This would not occur were Warner's safe cure used to maintain vigor. And even now it may restore vitality to those organs and give back to the man that which will lead him to the haven of his ambition. —*The Traveler*.

SCIENTIFIC.

Professor Bauschinger, of Munich, recently made a long series of actual fire-trials with pillars of both cast and wrought iron. He loaded them with the weights that they are usually allowed to bear in buildings, and heated them first to 300 degress Cent., then to 600 degrees Cent., and finally to a red heat, and let a stream of cold water play on them, exactly as would be the case in a fire extinguished by fire engines. The cast iron pillars were much damaged and cracked by this treatment, but continued to carry their loads quite safely, while those of wrought iron were much bent before redness was reached, and so twisted when cold water was squirted on them that they could not carry their loads. The conclusion is that cast iron is really far safer for buildings than wrought.

Professor Riatt, the Italian chemist, has brought forward a new kind of thermo-chemical battery, in which the production of the current results from the difference of temperature of two layers of strata lying at different levels in a vessel filled with liquid. This cell consists of a wooden box or vessel, traversed by two copper pipes, placed the one over the other, and separated by a distance equal to about half the height of the vessel, the latter being filled with a solution of the sulphate of copper. A current of steam passes through the upper tube, and a current of cold water in the lower, with the effect that copper is deposited on the latter, while the substance of the former is reduced. By changing, from time to time, the position of the tubes, equilibrium is established. The battery is said to work well and not to polarize.

The French society for the encouragement of national industry has awarded the prize for the discovery of a useful new alloy to the M. Manhes. The alloy is prepared by mixing three parts of copper with one of manganese, and adding it in small quantities to the molten copper, after refining and just before casting. As copper so treated with manganese is only very slowly acted upon by sea-water, it is capable of very important applications.

Experienced lumbermen have always held timber cut in the spring was not durable for building purposes. Recent scientific investigations sustain this belief. It is shown that the richer the wood is in phosphoric acid and potassium the more likely it is to rot and mould; wood cut in the spring contains eight times as much of the former and five times as much of the latter as when cut in the winter.

Several cases of poisoning by the fumes of nitric acid have occurred at Bonne and Halle, and have excited considerable interest. In one instance a girl who was carrying along the street a metal vessel of nitric acid inhaled the vapor and died of asphyxia in twelve hours afterward. In another instance a young chemist, who had been working for some hours with fuming nitric acid, was gradually poisoned, and his recovery was very tedious.

Several household articles, such as glass fish-globes, paper weights made of a pyramid of glass balls and the lenses of the stereoscopes, have been found to act as a burning glass in the sun, and to have set fire to light materials, such as cloth and paper, thereby causing danger to life and property. Brightly tinned or nickel wash dishes have also been known to focus the sun's rays by reflection, and tend to bring about similar consequences.

According to the *Building News*, manufacturers of wood mosiac say that they have found by experiments that hard maple on end is from four to five times as durable as marble, and equally as durable as the hardest baked tile. It is reported that two end-wood floors were laid in the elevators of a public building in Chicago about fifteen months ago, and that the floors are in as good condition as when first laid, although each elevator carries from 1,000 to 2,000 persons daily.

After giving an exhibition of the chemical composition and alimentary value of the different portions of the grain of wheat, M. Aime Girard concludes that it is advisable to reject, in so far as it is mechanically possible, the outer layers of the grain and reserve for human food the farinaceous portion only.

Paper bottles now made in France are built from sheets of paper rolled together and cemented with albumen, lime and alum. They are said to be impervious to water and alcohol, and hence are reckoned specially valuable for travelers.

HOUSEHOLD.

LORNE PUDDING.—Possibly Lorne pudding is one of those which the Princess Louise has the reputation of making. It is good enough to set before even a king, much more a princess. It is made of one-quarter of a pound each of flour, butter and sugar, mixed with one quart of warm milk, and boiled until it is like custard; to this add the yelks of six eggs well beaten, then the whites, also beaten until they are stiff. Place the pudding dish in a pan partly filled with water, set it in the oven, put the pudding in the dish and bake for an hour. The sauce to be eaten with this is made of a half a cup of butter, two cups of sugar, one of wine, the wine to be added last, and after the butter and sugar are well mixed set this in a pan of hot water, to dissolve the butter and to heat gradually.

SWEET BREAD CAKE.—Dissolve an ounce of German yeast into half a pint of tepid water, work gradually into a pound of flour; let this rise, and then add two ounces of clarified dissolved butter, a quarter of a pound of sugar, a little finely shred orange candied peel, carraway powder and ground cinnamon. Let the cake rise for half an hour, then put it into a well buttered tin and bake slowly until of golden brown (the oven should be very hot at first and then be considerably slackened, or the cake will not be a good color). The addition of a beaten egg is an improvement which should be added when the butter is mixed in.

CAT AND MOUSE.—The players stand in a circle, holding each others' hands, excepting one, who acts "the mouse," and who, standing outside the circle, touches one of the players, and then runs under the arms of the others. The player thus touched becomes "cat," and must pursue the "mouse" until he catches him; but in doing this he must be careful to pass in and out of the circle under the arms of the same persons passed by the "mouse," who is thus enabled to lead his pursuer a pretty chase. When the cat is agile and the mouse cunning the game can be made to yield a good deal of fun. A "mouse" who has been caught becomes "cat," while the cat who has caught him takes his place in the circle.

GRAHAM GRIDDLE CAKES.—One cup of Indian meal, scalded and covered, one quart of milk, one-half cup of yeast, one cup of cold water, one cup of flour, one cup of Graham flour, one large spoonful of molasses, one spoonful of lard or butter, one-half teaspoonful of soda; salt to taste. Scald and strain the meal over night, thin with milk, and make into a sponge with the other ingredients. In the morning add salt, white flour, soda and lard, and make into a batter. These cakes, if made on a soap stone griddle, are very healthful and better than buckwheat.

NUTMEG FLAVOR.—Every cook knows how disagreeable it is to have the nutmeg or cinnamon which is added to cream and sugar for pudding sauce rise to the top of the sauce, and when it is served to have the first spoonful taken out too highly flavored and the rest without taste. To remedy this mix the nutmeg or cinnamon with sugar before pouring on the cream; it will then be gradually distributed through the sauce. Pour the cream on a little at a time, and the spice will tend to dissolve.

A DELICIOUS APPLE PUDDING, to be served hot, is made thus: Peel and quarter enough apples to cover the bottom of a deep tin plate; then make a batter of sour milk, soda and flour, with a teaspoonful of lard to enough flour to make a batter which will cover the apples. This should not be thicker than for pancakes. Pour it over the apples, and bake till brown. Then, when done, turn it on a large plate, with the crust down. Over the apples scatter sugar and cinnamon. If you like it rich, spread a thin layer of butter over the apples before putting the sugar and cinnamon on.

DELIGHTFUL THIN BISCUITS.—Beat very light one egg; pour it over a pint of flour, add a wineglass of milk, and chop one tablespoonful of lard and butter mixed. Work thoroughly together; break off pieces the size of marbles, which must be rolled as thin as your nail, sprinkling with dry flour as they are rolled, to make them crisp; stick with a fork, and bake quickly.

DESSERT IN A HURRY.—A quickly made dessert is this: Make a batter as if for common griddle cakes, then add an egg and some fruit, say stewed or canned berries; drain the juice from them and stir them into the batter; fry in a little lard, and serve with pudding sauce.

COLD PANCAKES.—A way to utilize cold buckwheat cakes has been discovered by an ingenious woman. Drop a lump of butter in a frying pan, put the cakes in, let them brown on both sides, pour a little milk over them, and send them hot to the table, and they make an entree that is astonishingly good.

BEEF EXTRACT.—A good way to extract the juice of beef for an invalid is to broil the beef on a gridiron for a few minutes and then squeeze the juice from it with a lemon-squeezer; put a little salt with it. This may be given as the sick one prefers, cold or hot, or it may be frozen and given in small lumps.

VERY simple cakes, if one has muffin rings, are rye muffins. Two cups of rye flour, one-half cup of molasses, one cup of flour, one egg. Salt to taste; add a little soda or prepared yeast; bake quickly in muffin rings.

A GOOD recipe for plain light rolls is: One quart of flour, one tablespoonful of butter, one cup of warm milk. Salt to taste. Rub the butter and flour together, add milk and yeast. After mixing well, let it rise till light, then make into rolls and let them stand till well raised, and bake in a steady oven.

AN Illinois man secured a divorce and married his mother-in-law. He evidently had not heard of the fact of that clown who dropped dead in the ring the other day while perpetrating a joke on the mother-in-law. It was a mean sort of revenge to take, any way.

ENJOYMENT: Charming younff lady, loq: "Oh, I had such a lovely time with Grace this afternoon; we were so delighted to see each other that we both talked so fast that the other could n't get in a word!"

"LET me see," said a minister who was filling out a marriage certificate and had forgotten the date. "This is the fifth, is it not?" "No, sir," replied the bride with indignation, "this is only my second."

THE most important officer in New Orleans is the 'coiner of the mint," as it is termed for short, the word julep being omitted because of its lack of euphony.

The Famous Notre Dame.

On the 30th of last January, the Sisters of the most noted Catholic ladies' seminary in the United States, the famous Notre Dame, at Govanstown, near Baltimore, Md., made public a card, certifying to the beneficial results attending the use of Red Star Cough Cure in that institution. They state that they found it efficacious alike for relieving coughs, oppressions on the chest and irritation of the throat. Officials of the Boards of Health of Brooklyn, Baltimore and other cities have likewise publicly proclaimed the virtues of this new discovery, which is entirely free from opiates, poisons and other objections.

Fools may admire, but men of sense only approve.

A Baggage Master Says.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., June 11, 1883.

"Was troubled with weakness of the kidneys and bladder. I was obliged to leave my post at the station. Doctors and medicines gave only temporary relief. I tried HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY and it helped me, doing more good than all others combined."—P. H Palmer, Baggage Master, N. Y. C & H. R. R. R.

Because!

Is a woman's reason and if that is the only reason why you have not tried HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY, as you have not been benefited by other medicines, you have not done right.

Mrs. Julia H. Brundage, Bridgeport, Conn., said: "My mother has for over thirty years been afflicted with kidney, liver and heart diseases. She walked out this summer for the first time in years. We feel that we owe much to God's mercy and HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY."

An obstinate man does not hold opinions, but they hold him.

MENSMAN'S PEPTONIZED BEEF TONIC, the only preparation of beef containing its *entire nutritious properties*, so contained blood-making, force generating and life-sustaining properties; invaluable for indigestion, dyspepsia, nervous prostration, and all forms of general debility, also, in all enfeebled conditions, whether the result of exhaustion, nervous prostration, over-work or acute disease, particularly if resulting from pulmonary complaints. Caswell, Hazard & Co., proprietors, New York. Sold by druggists.

There is no better relation than a prudent, faithful friend.

See Here Young Man

That girl of mine is twice as handsome since she commenced using Carboline the world renowned hair renewer. I would not leave her do without it for anything.

There is in every human countenance either a history or a prophecy.

SIDE BY SIDE IN THE DRUG STORE stand VINEGAR BITTERS and the health-blasting preparations fired up with bad rum. Take your choice between the *vital elixir* and the *deadly poisons*. The one cures every disease of the stomach, bowels, liver and nerves, the others aggravate all human ailments. VINEGAR BITTERS strengthen, the others weaken.

A man who is not willing to slave is not worthy to be called master.

Now is the time to prevent and cure Skin Diseases, and to secure a white, soft and beautiful complexion use "BERESON'S AROMATIC ALUM SULPHUR SOAP." 25 cents by Druggist, or by mail. Wm. Dreydoppel, Phila., Pa.

A success that is not the next dearest thing to life is not worth having.

St. Bernard Vegetable Pills.

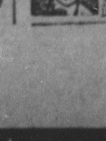
WARRANTED PURELY VEGETABLE. The best cure for Liver and Bilious Complaints, Costiveness, Headache, Dizziness and Dyspepsia. As a Blood Purifier and Spring Medicine they have no equal. No family should be without a box of the St. Bernard Vegetable Pills in the house. Price 25 cents at Druggists, or by mail. Samples sent FREE. Address P. NEUSTAEDTER & CO., 45 Mercer St., New York.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED

STOMACH BITTERS

Among medicinal means of arresting disease, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters stands pre-eminent. It checks the further progress of all disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels, revives the vital stamina, prevents and remedies chills and fever, increases the activity of the kidneys, counteracts a tendency to rheumatism, and is a genuine stay and solace to aged, infirm and nervous persons. The article is, moreover, derived from the purest and most reliable sources.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.



ALL IMPERFECTIONS of the Face, Hands & Feet, Superfluous Hair, Moles, Warts, Freckles, Moth, Red Nose, Acne, Black Heads, Scars, Pitting and treatment. Dr. Jona Woodbury, 37 N. Pearl St., Albany, N. Y. Established 1870. Send 10c. for Book.

FACETIÆ.

THEY were walking together in the early evening, as they passed the illuminated soda fountain and listened to the tinkling of the water, there was a longing glance on her part and a decided inclination to go straight ahead on his. At last she said:

"Agly, dear, do you not like soda water?"

"I never drink," said he. "I signed the pledge at mothers knee."

"Then we shall have to make it ice cream."

"Never, my dear. Ice cream is composed of acids, glucose, gelatine, poisonous flavors and frigidity. It is sure death to our family."

"And you wouldn't sacrifice yourself for my sake?"

The effect was instantneous. She had the cream.

A WASHINGTON man complains because the stars and stripes are not kept flying over the White House. Oh, man, never mind the flag. There are so many statesmen trying to fly over the White House just now there is no room for the flag. Beside, if the flag was fluttering above the roof all the time it would scare the cats, and the President might then forget that he was a man, tormented in all ways like the rest of us, and in some ways more than any of us.

"DID you notice what a boor that man was who sat next to you?" asked one lady of another as the pair stepped off a Woodward avenue car the other day.

"How?"

"Why he refused to pass up the fare for the lady in lavender silk."

"Oh, well, you see they were divorced only two weeks ago, and it couldn't be expected that he would recover his composure this soon. It is a mean trick in any divorced woman to expect her husband to pass alimony money up to the fare-box."

"MY dear," remonstrated a wife, peering out from under the bed-clothes, "I do wish you would use the word 'sheol.' It sounds better."

"It may sound better at times," replied the husband, who was noisily nursing his heel, "but when a man steps on a tack he wants the old version."

BIG SISTER (shouting to Bobby)—Bahbee! You are wanted to do an errand.

Bobby (shouting back)—Tell mother I can't do it now. I'm busy.

Big Sister—It's not mother who wants you its father.

Bobby (hastily)—All right. Tell him I'll be there in a msnute.

AN elderly man was conducting his daughter to church one Sunday. On the way the girl drew her father's attention to some cows in a field, and told him there were just nineteen of them.

'You foolish girl,' he replied, 'you ought not be counting cows on the Sabbath day besides there are only eighteen there.'

FEATHERLY was making an evening call, and the new minister was being discussed. Presently the gentleman himself was shown into the parlor.

"Good evening, Mr. Longprayer," said Featherly, cordially, "We were just talking about you as you came in. Speak of the dev—er—yes—um—warm evening Mr. Longprayer."

An Inventor's Advice.

George Stevenson when advising young men how to get on would finish by saying "Do as I have done—persevere." For fifteen years he plodded and worked before giving the finishing touches to his locomotive. In as many days those persevering in the use of Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery," have experienced great relief and found themselves on the high road to health. Liver complaints, impure blood, chronic lung diseases and many others yield to its healing influences never to return. All druggists.

True generosity is a duty as indispensably necessary as those imposed by law.

Longfellow's Birthday Book

is a beautiful present to give any lady. But there is a little book published in pamphlet form, with no pretensions to literary merit, that would be as appropriate, and might be the means of saving a life. It is called Dr. R. V. Pierce's treatise on diseases of women, for whose peculiar troubles the "Favorite Prescription" is especially designed. It is profusely illustrated with wood-cuts and colored plates, and will be sent to any address for ten cents in stamps, by the World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

Pursue what you know to be attainable; make truth your object; and your studies will make you a wise man.

If you are bilious, take Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets," the original "Little Liver Pills." Of all druggists.

"SO YOU expect to go into the country soon, Miss Gushington?"

"Yes" was the réply "we are to visit Uncle James, and he has such a delightful house, with the wide porch all covered with trellis vines, and grapevines, and bovines—I can scarcely wait for the time to start."

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save baggage expressage and $3 carriage Hire, and stop at the **Grand Union Hotel**, opposite Grand Central Depot.

600 elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, $1 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

"TOMMY," exclaimed Mrs. Fogg, "don't you know it's Sunday? Don't you know that it is naughty to make a kite to-day?" "But, my dear," interposed Fogg, "don't you see that he is making it with a religious paper?" "Oh?" said Mrs. F., "I didn't notice that."

MARRIAGE in High Life.—Judge: "John Henry, do you take this woman to be your wedded wife?" Bride: "So you ask him if he takes me to be his wife? I guess you had better ask me if I take him. He is only an editor, and I've got $47 laid up."

An electrician asserts that in bodies in which life is not extinct the temperature rises upon the application of an electric current, but never in the case of actual death. This fact supplies a test for use in cases where life is suspected to remain in persons apparently dead.

When your collars and cuffs come from the laundry as hard and stiff as a board don't break your studs and cuff buttons in trying to put them on, but just dip your fingers in water and touch it to the button holes, and see how easy they go on.

Black birch wood is prized in Europe for fine cabinet work. It seems however, there is a strong prejudice against this wood among architects in this country, although it is cheap, beautiful and pretty durable.

WHEN MEN

Desire to accomplish a specific purpose they compare the various means employed to this end. In all competitions for a reliable remedy to purify, vitalize and enrich the blood, to eradicate scrofula, salt rheum and all obnoxious humors, to restore and renovate the whole system and to

Create an Appetite

The verdict is always awarded to HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA, on account of the wonderful results from its use, and the decided medicinal characteristics which are so indelibly stamped upon the article that none fail to recognize them. A trial more than verifies our claim. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass. Price $1.00, six for $5.00. Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicines.

Only Temperance Bitters Known.

VINEGAR BITTERS

Grateful Thousands proclaim VINEGAR BITTERS the most wonderful invigorant that ever sustained the sinking system.

Made from California roots and herbs, free from **Alcoholic** Stimulants. **A Purgative** and Tonic.

This Bitters cures **Female** Complaints, Inflammatory and Chronic **Rheumatism**, Gout, Bilious, Remittent and Intermittent Fevers, Blood, **Liver** and **Kidney** Diseases.

Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Headache, Pain in the Shoulders, Coughs, Tightness of the Chest, Dizziness, Sour Stomach, Furred Tongue, Bilious Attacks, Palpitation of the Heart, Pneumonia, and Pain in the regions of the Kidneys, are cured by the use of the Bitters.

For Skin Diseases, Eruptions, Boils, Erysipelas, Scrofula, Discolorations, Humors and diseases of the Skin of whatever name or nature, are literally dug up and carried out of the system in a short time by the use of the Bitters.

It Invigorates the Stomach, and stimulates the torpid Liver and Bowels, which render it of unequaled efficiency in cleansing the blood of all impurities, and imparting new life and vigor to the whole system.

No Person can take the Bitters and remain long unwell.

Pin, Tape and other Worms, are destroyed and removed from the system.

Cleanse the Vitiated Blood whenever it is foul; your feelings will tell you when. Keep the blood pure, and the health of the system will follow.

In conclusion: Give the Bitters a trial. It will speak for itself. One bottle will prove a better guarantee of its merits than a lengthy advertisement.

R. H. McDonald Drug Co., Proprietors, San Francisco, Cal., and 526, 528 & 532 Washington St. Cor. Charlton St., New York.

Sold by all Dealers and Druggists.

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"A piece of mine, nine years ago," says D. L. Milliken, the well know publisher (of COTTAGE HEARTH), "was taken at three months from its consumptive mother's arms emaciated, and placed on Ridge's Food exclusively. At once it commenced to gain, and was soon plump and healthy; and the child still lives." Such testimony as this shows beyond all cavil its true value

Palms' Business College, Philadelphia Terms only $40. Situations furnished. Write for circulars.

OPIUM HABIT. Sure cure in 10 to 20 days. Sanatarium treatment, or medicines by express, 15 years established. Books free. **Dr. Marsh, Quincy, Mich.**

FARMERS' SONS OR OTHERS, OWNING HORSE and BUGGY, and commanding $100 to $200, can secure permanent and profitable business, with full control of both money and business. Address **BARNUM & CO., 30 Vesey Street, New York City.**

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U. S. STANDARD JONES OF BINGHAMTON

5 TON WAGON SCALES, Iron Levers, Steel Bearings, Brass Turn Beam and Beam Box, $60 AND JONES he pays the freight—for free Price List mention this paper and address JONES OF BINGHAMTON, Binghamton, N.Y.

RUPTURE Cure guaranteed by Dr. J. B. Mayer, the successful specialist. Does at once; no operation or delay from business; treated by hundreds of cures. Main Office, 801 Arch St., Phila. Hours from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M.; at 3722 North Fifth St., 6 to 9 P. M. Sundays

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Blair's Pills, Great English Gout and Rheumatic Remedy. Oval Box, $1.00; round, 50 cts.

PENNYROYAL PILLS!

"CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH"

The Original and Only Genuine.

Safe and always reliable. Beware of Worthless Imitations. "Chichester's English" are the best made. Indispensable TO LADIES. Inclose 4c. (stamps) for particulars, testimonials, etc., in letter mail you will return by mail. NAME PAPER. Chichester Chemical Co., 2567 Madison Sq., Philada., Pa.

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KIDDER'S PASTILLES. A Sure ASTHMA Relief for 25 Cents. Free Sheets by mail. STOWELL & CO., Charlestown, Mass.

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COUGH CURE

Absolutely Free from Opiates, Emetics and Poisons.

A PROMPT, SAFE, SURE CURE

For Coughs, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Influenza, Colds, Bronchitis, Croup, Whooping Cough, Asthma, Quinsy, Pains in Chest, and other affections of the Throat and Lungs.

Price 50 cents a bottle. Sold by Druggists and Dealers. *Parties unable to induce their dealer to promptly get it for them will receive two bottles, Express charges paid, by sending one dollar to*

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER COMPANY, Sole Owners and Manufacturers, Baltimore, Maryland, U. S. A.

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40,000 Copies Already Sold.

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The book embraces the General's entire military, civil service, and private career, and is the most complete and reliable history of him published. A large, handsome octavo volume, superbly illustrated. We want one agent in every Grand Army Post and in every township. Send for full particulars and SPECIAL TERMS TO AGENTS, or remit 25 cents by sending 10cts. for outfit. (Besides this paper.) Address AMERICAN PUBLISHING CO., Hartford, Conn., Boston, Chicago, Cincinnati, or St. Louis.

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R. U. AWARE THAT Lorillard's Climax Plug bearing a red tin tag; that Lorillard's Rose Leaf fine cut; that Lorillard's Navy Clippings, and that Lorillard's Snuffs, are the best and cheapest, quality considered?

NO TAR

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Is Cheap, WATER-PROOF, Easy to apply, STRONG, Durable. Does not rust or rattle. A SUBSTITUTE for PLASTER at Half the Cost. Outlasts the building. CARPETS and RUGS saved twice, double the wear of all cloths. Catalogue and sample free. W. H. FAY & CO. CAMDEN, N. J.

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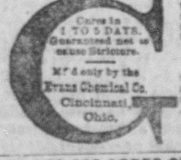
Best in the World. Made only by the Frazer Lubricator Co. at Chicago, N. Y. & St. Louis. *Sold everywhere.*

LE PAGE'S LIQUID GLUE

Is used by thousands of first class Manufacturers and Mechanics on their best work. Received GOLD MEDAL, London, '81. Pronounced *cheapest glue known.* Send card of Dealer who does not keep it, with five 2c stamps for SAMPLE CAN FREE. Russia Cement Co., Gloucester, Mass.

$50 REWARD

will be paid for any Grain Fan of same size that our Mogul Bag-it will not clean as much grain per hour as our Patent MONARCH Grain and Seed Separator and Bagger or our Improved Warehouse Mill with Bagger, over which we offer above. Circular and Price List mailed free. NEWARK MACHINE CO., Columbus, Ohio. Eastern Branch House, Hagerstown, Md.



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G has taken the lead in the sales of that class of remedies, and has given almost universal satisfaction. MURPHY BROS., Paris, Tex.

G has won the favor of the public and now ranks among the leading Medicines of the oldom. A. L. SMITH, Bradford, Pa. Sold by Druggists. Price $1.00.

500,000 ACRES CHOICE HARDWOOD FARMING LANDS IN NORTHERN WISCONSIN for sale on easy terms to Actual Settlers. The most prosperous and promising field for settlement in the U. S. Full information with good map free. Address LAND COMMISSIONER, Wisconsin Central R. R., Milwaukee, Wis.

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WORMS In the human body ERADICATED by using CLARK'S INFALLIBLE WORM SYRUP! An old-time remedy. Safe and effectual in its action. Price 25 cents a bottle. FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS.

ASTHMA Samples of Dr. R. W. Read's Celebrated Asthma Relief sent free to all who apply. It is also an excellent remedy for Coughs, Colds and Catarrh. 50c. and $1.00 packages sent by mail. AND A. ETHRIDGE, CATARRH Manufacturer and Proprietor. Rome, N. Y.

QUICK sales, and 200 per ct. profit made by men and women with our labor-saving invention. A lady cleared $70 in one week. An agent writes: "Your Plan brings money quickest of any I ever tried." Any man or woman making less than $40 per week should try our easy money-making business. We guarantee it the best paying in the land. $1 samples quick selling goods free to any lady or gent who will devote a few hours daily. Experience unnecessary; no talking. Write quick, and secure your county. Address, B. Q. Merrill & Co. Chicago

Pensions to Soldiers & Heirs. Send stamp for Circulars. COL. L. BINGHAM, Att'y, Washington, D. C.

MORPHINE Chloral and Opium Habits EASILY CURED. BOOK FREE. DR. J. C. HOFFMAN, Jefferson, Wisconsin

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

FEMALE

DR. J. BRADFIELD:—I have, as you know, been selling your Female Regulator for years, and have had a steadily increasing demand for it; it gives the very best satisfaction. I frequently sell it to physicians who use it in their practice with the most satisfactory results. R. THOMAS, M. D., Druggist. Yadkeita, Ga., June 22, 1881.

Send for Treatise on Women. Mailed Free. BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., Atlanta, Ga.

DR. J. BRADFIELD:—I have taken several bottles of your Female Regulator for falling of the womb and other diseases combined, of 16 years standing, and I really believe I am cured entirely, for which please accept my heartfelt thanks. I know your medicine saved my life, so you see I cannot speak too highly in its favor. Respectfully, MRS. W. H. STEVENS, Ellijay, Ga.

For sale by all Druggists.

Regulator!

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED KURTZ, . . . Editor,

CENTRE HALL, PA., SEPT. 16, 1885.

A TOWN LYING IN RUINS.

A TORNADO'S TERRIBLE DESTRUCTION IN OHIO.

Washington Court House Leveled to the Earth—Five Persons Killed, Three Hundred Injured—Loss Over $1,000,000.

Washington C. H., Ohio, Sept. 9.—A tornado last evening at eight o'clock almost completely demolished this place. Not a single store facing Central square out of forty is left intact, and a majority of them are leveled. The storm came from the northwest, and broke upon the town very suddenly, carrying everything before it. The tornado whirled up Court street, the main business thoroughfare, and ruined almost every business block in it, at least forty or fifty in all. Hardly a private residence in the town escaped, fully 400 buildings going down. The Baptist, Presbyterian and Catholic churches all suffered the common fate.

The Ohio Southern, Pan Handle, Narrow Gauge and Midland Railroad depots were blown into "smithereens," and every building in the vicinity was carried away, making ingress or egress almost impossible. Every wire within a circuit of two miles is down.

The report of the catastrophe was sent by a telegraph operator who tapped a wire two miles west of town, and, sitting in a heavy rain storm worked his intrument. The panic stricken people were taken completely unawares, and fled from the tumbling buildings in every direction through the murkey darkness.

A mad frenzy seemed to seize the people, and they hurried hither and thither in their wild distraction, little knowing whither they were fleeing. After the whirlwind, which lasted about ten minutes, a heavy rain set in, which continued unabated throughout the night. The Sheriff ordered out the militia, which took charge and helped get order out of chaos.

All the gas went out when the storm came up. The gas works were destroyed. Bon fires had to be burnt in the streets to give light for the searchers. One of the injured is the manager of the Telephone Exchange. He was hurled across the street and had an arm, leg and collar bone broken. Some houses were lifted up and carried bodily several hundred feet.

As soon as a few of the cooler heads recovered their senses, searching parties were organized and the sad work of looking for the dead began. The glimmer of lanterns, procured from farm houses in the vicinity and from the few houses left standing, was the only light they had to work by. Two or three bodies were stumbled upon in the middle of the street, where they were stricken down by flying bricks or timbers. The cellars of houses and every sort of refuge were filled with shivering people, huddled together in the vain attempt to keep warm. One babe in arms died from exposure.

LATER PARTICULARS.

Cincinnati, Sept. 9.—A dispatch from Washington Court House says: Mrs. M. Jones, Edith Floyd, Ella Forsha, Jennie Forsha and Florence Carr were killed, and Herbert Taggart, James Jackson and John C. Van Pelt are supposed to be fatally injured. Fully 300 persons were hurt. The loss will exceed $1,000,000. The council has appointed a relief committee. The militia are guarding the stores whose contents are all exposed. Washington C. H. is a town of about 4,000 inhabitants.

N MYSTERY ABOUT IT.

There are no mysteries or secrets about the compounding of Brown's Iron Bitters. The preparation of iron is the only one that can be taken without injuring the teeth or stomach. It gives vigor to the feeble, life to the debilitated, and health to the dyspeptic. You need not fear to give it to the most delicate child. Mrs. Emma Williams, of Starkweather, Miss., says, "It relieved my daughter of dyspepsia, and myself of general debility."

Bradford, Sept. 7.—A little daughter of David Norf, of Dubuis, died a few weeks ago. Willis, her 5 year old brother, repeatedly declared that he wanted to die, so that he migbt go to heaven to see her. On Friday last he asked his mother if he was good enough to go to heaven if he died. His mother told him that she believed he was. Not long after she heard a pistol shot in a room up stairs. She ran up to the room and found Willis lying dead on the floor. In his right hand he held a revolver, with which he had shot himself through the heart.

AN END TO BONE SCRAPING.

Edward Shepherd, of Harrisburg, Ill., says: "Having received so much benefit from Electric Bitters, I feel it my duty to let suffering humanity know it. Having had a running sore on my leg for eight years my doctor told me I would have to have the bone scraped or leg amputated. I used instead three bottles of Electric Bitters and seven boxes of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and my leg is now sound and well."

Electric Bitters are sold at fifty cents a bottle, and Bucklen's Arnica Salve at 25c per box by J. Zeller & Son's, drug store, Bellefonte.

A new telegraph pole has been invented, which, if adopted, will make more business for iron men and less for the lumber men. It is constructed of tubular malleable iron, galvanized, 2½ inches at the top, weight 50 pounds, and will stand a greater strain than the ordinary pole. The bottom sets in a clam plate, 6 inches square, which grips the ground. Satisfactory tests have been made.

AN IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.

The most important discovery is that which brings the most good to the greatest number. Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, coughs and colds, will preserve the health and save life, and is a priceless boon to the afflicted. Not only does it positively cure consumption, but coughs, colds, bronchitis, asthma, hoarseness, and all affections of the throat, chest and lungs, yield at once to its wonderful curative powers. If you doubt this, get a trial bottle free, at J. Zeller & Son's, drug store, Bellefonte.

COFFEE-DRINKING IN TURKEY.

The Turks are a nation of coffee-drinkers. They use coffee as the Italians use wine or the Germans beer. Of course alcholic drinks are popular, but it is illegal to use them in public. Coffee-houses are as plentiful as saloons in a mining town, and in addition itinerant venders of the drink are omnipresent in the streets. These latter have each a sheet-iron stove, such as tinkers carry, an iron sauce dish with a long wooden handle, a bottle of coffee, a paper of sugar, a can of water, a spoon and a few small cups. When a cup of coffee is ordered from one of these fellows, he retires into the nearest doorway and rakes up the coals in his stove. Then out of the bottle is ladled the coffee, previously ground into impalpable powder, a teaspoonful being taken for each cup to be made. An equal amount of sugar is added, and the whole put in the saucepan and covered with water. Then the pan goes on to the coals, and is allowed to boil up at once. The result looks inviting and smells good, but you feel more friendly with it outside than when you have got it in. If it did not have so many grounds in it, it would be good syrup, but there is altogether too much sugar for it to be good coffee. The coffee-houses are delightfully free from ceremony. I have seen nothing, except a German theatre, that equalled them. They are generally combination concerns, the refreshment clerk being also a surgeon, a dentist and a barber. The rooms are large, but low, and commonly very neatly whitewashed. The only furniture is a set of benches (divans in poetry), that run round the walls, and, in the centre, a stool usad as operating chair when the cook is called on to minister to a diseased body or mind. Against the wall hangs a hand-mirror and a case of instruments, and under the benches are a row of *nrrghili* for the use of smoking customers. The man who is to be shaved, bled, or have his tooth pulled, sits upright on the stool, with no support for his back or head, and gets what enjoyment out of it he can. The smokers and loungers on the benches take no notice of him—or anything, for that matter. Coffee-drinking is a grave matter with a Mohammedan, and he takes his pleasure sadly.

CHASED BY A TRAIN OF FIRE.

An engine driver on an American railway, in relating some adventures of his life gave an account of the conflagration of an oil train which occurred several years ago on the Buffalo, Corry, and Erie Railroad. The train was a mixed one, that is, was composed of both freight and passenger cars, such as are run on roads, where the passenger travel is light. There were two passenger cars at the rear of the train, and next to the engine were six cars containing 50,000 gallons of petroleum. When at the summit of a long descending grade, one of the oil cars took fire, and the engineer signaled for the brakes, the train hands pulled the coupling pin, and the passenger cars were left behind; although the coupling pin in front of the oil cars was pulled out, they neglected to set the brakes, and the burning cars followed the locomotive, gaining in velocity until escape seemed impossible. At the distance of twelve miles from where the chase began, a branch road joined the main line. The only chance was to signal for the switch which would deflect the train into this branch road, whose grade was an ascending one. There were no trains due to require a man at that switch, but as the men on the locomotive blew the signal, fortunately a man reached the switch in time, and the burning train had sufficient momentum to follow the locomotive over a mile on the ascending grade.

PROOF OF DEATH.

If most people are afraid of anything, it is of being buried alive. That cases do happen where it is very difficult even for the experienced physician to determine whether a person is really or but apparently dead, without his having recourse to means which, while they would at once settle the dispute, would place life, if it really still existed, in jeopardy, may be judged from the fact that the French Academy, some ten or fifteen years ago, offered a prize of forty thousand francs for the discovery of some means by which even the inexperienced may at once determine whether in a given case death had ensued or not. A physician obtained the prize. He had discovered the following well-known phenomenon: If the hand of the suspected person is held toward the candle or other artificial light, with the fingers stretched, and one touching the other, and one looks through the spaces between the fingers toward the light, there appears a scarlet red color where the fingers touch each other, due to the still circulating fluid blood, as it shows itself through the transparent, not yet congested tissues; but when life is extinct this phenomenon at onces ceases. The most extensive and thorough trials established the truth of this observation, and the prize was awarded to its discoverer.

It cannot be too deeply impressed on the mind that application is the price to be paid for mental acquisitions, and that it is as absurd to expect them without it as to hope for a harvest where we had not sown the seed.

Shelled corn and other coarse grain wanted at the Centre Hall roller mill.

THE CITY OF ARARAT.

On the 26th of October, 1825, was celebrated the opening of the Erie Canal. About a month before, when the community, eagerly anticipating a connection with tide-water, was excited with visions of prospective greatness, and ready for any display, there arrived from New York Major Manuel Mordecai Noah, High Sheriff of the county of New York, Consul at Tunis, and self-styled Judge of Israel. He came with glittering robes and insignia of office to establish the city of Ararat on Grand Island, then covered with a dense forest.

Although a loyal and devoted son of Abraham, Major Noah had not succeeded in arousing enthusiasm in his scheme among those of his own faith. As a shrewd man of the world, an able lawyer, a successful politician and the editor of the principal organ of the Tammany party in New York, and withal sanguine that the city would prove a mine of wealth to its founders, he had no difficulty in persuading some of his Gentile friends, among whom was the father of the late Gerritt Smith, to buy nearly the whole of Grand Island, then just surveyed and offered for sale by the United States Government.

On this lonely but extensive island, between the forks of the Niagara, and lying midway between Lake Erie and the falls of Niagara, he determined to build a city of Oriental splendor. Already, before his arrival on the scene, a flag staff bearing the "grand standard of Israel" had been erected on the chosen site, and a stone having an inscription in Hebrew and in English had been prepared to dedicate with imposing ceremonies. This stone, always known in local history as "Mordecai's corner stone," was intended rather as a memento of the founding of the magnificent city of the Jews than as the support of any particular building. In those days the luxurious steam-yachts of wealthy citizens, which now plow the rapid current of the Niagara, existed not in the imagination of the veriest dreamer; even row-boats were wanting with which to convey the crowd eager to behold the spectacle presented by the birth of an Oriental city in the depths of the forest. The brilliant and audacious Noah conceived the idea of having the ceremony celebrated with due pomp within the walls of St. Paul's Church (in Buffalo), twelve miles from the site of his city. To this end were invoked the willing services of all the dignitaries of the town, the military and the Masons, Major Noah, the central figure, appearing as the "Judge of Israel" in black, wearing judicial robes of crimson silk, trimmed with ermine, and a richly-embossed golden medal suspended from his neck.

The bright September day opened with the booming of cannons. The grand procession embraced the best that the town could offer. Halting at the church door, the troops opened each way, and the pageant entered; while the band played the grand march from Judas Maccabeus, the corner-stone of Ararat, the city of refuge for the people who rejected Christ, was laid on the communion table of a Protestant Episcopal church, and dedicated by Hebrew ritual. The Masonic rites were performed with the typical corn wine and oil, the choir sang "Old Hundred," and the rector, in full canonicals, pronounced a Christian benediction.

Mordecai Noah never saw the site of Ararat, and the Hebrew race disregarded his grandiloquent proclamation and the tax levied for its building; but its corner-stone, after many curious migrations occupies a conspicuous place in the rooms of the Buffalo Historical Society, where relic hunters are frequently seen copying its subscription.

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Reduced rates to $2.00 per day. The traveling public will still find at this Hotel the same liberal provision for their comfort. It is located in the immediate centres of business and places of amusement and different railroad depots, as well as all parts of the city, are easily accessible by Street Cars constantly passing the doors. It offers special inducements to those visiting the city for business or pleasure.

Your patronage respectfully solicited.

JOS. M. FEGER, Proprietor.

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THE BEST TONIC.

This medicine, combining Iron with pure vegetable tonics, quickly and completely **Cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Weakness, Impure Blood, Malaria, Chills and Fevers, and Neuralgia.**

It is an unfailing remedy for Diseases of the **Kidneys and Liver.**

It is invaluable for Diseases peculiar to **Women,** and all who lead sedentary lives.

It does not injure the teeth, cause headache, or produce constipation—*other Iron medicines do.*

It enriches and purifies the blood, stimulates the appetite, aids the assimilation of food, relieves Heartburn and Belching, and strengthens the muscles and nerves.

For Intermittent Fevers, Lassitude, Lack of Energy, &c., it has no equal.

Be The genuine has above trade mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other.

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Surface Indications

What a miner would very properly term "surface indications" of what is beneath, are the Pimples, Sties, Sore Eyes, Boils, and Cutaneous Eruptions with which people are annoyed in spring and early summer. The effete matter accumulated during the winter months, now makes its presence felt, through Nature's endeavors to expel it from the system. While it remains, it is a poison that festers in the blood and may develop into Scrofula. This condition causes derangement of the digestive and assimilatory organs, with a feeling of enervation, languor, and weariness—often lightly spoken of as "only spring fever." These are evidences that Nature is not able, unaided, to throw off the corrupt atoms which weaken the vital forces. To regain health, Nature must be aided by a thorough blood-purifying medicine; and nothing else is so effective as

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which is sufficiently powerful to expel from the system even the taint of Hereditary Scrofula.

The medical profession indorse AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, and many attestations of the cures effected by it come from all parts of the world. It is, in the language of the Hon. Francis Jewett, ex-State Senator of Massachusetts and ex-Mayor of Lowell, "the only preparation that does real, lasting good."

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The Best Cough Cure you can use.

Recommended by eminent physicians. Popular for its well known properties of purifying the blood and building up the health and strength. It has made wonderful cures of Scrofula, Rheumatism, Throat, Lung, Liver, Kidney, and Nervous diseases, and has brought health and comfort to thousands of suffering women. Its property of increasing the nourishing quality of the blood, renders it so effective in reviving the vital energies that it often saves life. If you suffer from Debility, Skin Eruptions, Cough, Consumption, Asthma, Dyspepsia, Bowel, Liver, Kidney, or other disease, your blood is defective and is losing its power to nourish and sustain the system. Don't wait till you are sick in bed, but use PARKER'S TONIC to-day. It will give you new life and vigor. HISCOX & CO., N. Y.

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SYMPTOMS: Bitter or bad taste in mouth; tongue coated white or covered with a brown fur; pain in the back, sides, or joints—often mistaken for Rheumatism; **sour stomach; loss of appetite;** sometimes nausea and waterbrash, or indigestion; flatulency and acid eructations; bowels alternately costive and lax; **headache;** loss of memory, with a painful sensation of having failed to do something which ought to have been done; **debility;** low spirits; a thick, **yellow** appearance of the skin and eyes; a dry cough; fever; restlessness; the urine is scanty and high-colored, and, if allowed to stand, deposits a sediment.

SIMMONS ✦ LIVER ✦ REGULATOR

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The **Regulator** acts without disturbance to the system, diet or occupation. **It regulates the Liver,** and Nature relieving herself, causes the bile to act as the purge. The excess of bile being removed, a **tonic effect** is produced, and health is perfectly restored.

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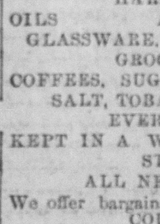

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We manufacture nothing but good goods, and ask a careful inspection before buying elsewhere. We quote a few prices:

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BUREAUS, WASH-STANDS, PARLOR TABLES, CANE AND WOOD-SEAT CHAIRS, ROCKERS, SPRING BEDS, MATTRESSES, ETC.

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Men and Women of good character and intelligence. Exclusive Territory Guaranteed. A weeks' trial of sample Washer to be required at my expense if not satisfactory. A thousand per cent. the best Washer in the world, and pays capable agents BIG money. Irresistable merit makes it a phenominal success everywhere. For Illustrated circular and terms of agency address, J. WORTH, St. Louis, Mo.

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"For many years I had suffered with a complaint which the physicians call gravel. I had employed some of the most noted doctors without obtaining any permanent relief, and for a long time my case was regarded hopeless. All who knew the circumstances said I must die. Finally my wife induced me to try a bottle of Dr. Kennedy's "Favorite Remedy," which she had somewhere heard of or seen advertised. Without the slightest faith in it, but solely to gratify her, I bought a bottle of a druggist in the village. I used that and two or three bottles more, and—to make a long story short—I am now as healthy a man as there is in the country.

"Since then I have recommended "Favorite Remedy" to others whom I knew to suffer from Kidney and Liver complaints; and assure the public that the "Favorite Remedy" has done its work with a similar completeness in every single instance, and I trust some other sick and discouraged mortal may hear of it and try the "Favorite Remedy" as I did.'—Washington Monroe tskill, N. Y.

Don't let a foolish prejudice against a popular medicine stand between you and the health of your wife, child or baby. It is always right to advertise a blessing. Dr. Kennedy's "Favorite Remedy" is a blessing. It has saved thousands, and it will help you. If you are sick from troubles of the kidneys, bowels, liver or blood, spend one dollar for the king of medicines.

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Eclectric Oil!

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A Medicine with curative properties as impossible to counterfeit as the PYRAMIDS OF EGYPT, and which is now having an enormous sale throughout the United States and Canadas.

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During the past two years I have used bottles of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil for sprains, bruises, cuts, burns and Rheumatics. It always cures. —M.L. Blair, Ald. Fifth Ward, Nov. 9, 1883.

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In cases of Croup, Thomas' Eclectric Oil never fails to cure. It cured me of a very bad Ulcerated Sore Throat—C.R. Hall, Grayville, Ill.

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I was badly afflicted with Bronchitis and an affection of the throat. Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil cured me.—Oliver J. Belle Isle, 23 East Merrimack Street.

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As a remedy for Catarrh Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil stands at the top. It cured me, and I believe will cure any case. Edw. S. Rowley, 222 West 12th Street.

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CURE LIVER COMPLAINT, CONSTIPATION, SICK-HEADACHES, FEVER AND AGUE AND ALL DISEASES OF THE STOMACH AND LIVER. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS 25 CENTS PER BOX.
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23jl1y ISRAEL CONFER & SON

THE ORIGIN OF THE HORSE.

Much interest says an exchange, has been felt in discoveries relating to the natural history of the horse, of the remote ancestry of which noble animal much is now known. Some time ago it was learned that America was the original home of the horse, which had, in the earliest form of which distinct remains have been found, four toes and a splint bone, the rudiment of the fifth toe. Equine animals with three toes on each front leg and those with two toes have left unquestionable evidence of their existence. In a recent issue of the Edinburgh *Scotsman* is an article which says that six or seven wild species belonging to the family of horses are known, but these all belong to that section of the family of which the ass is the type, and which are distinguished from the true horses by the absence of warts upon the hind legs, by concentrated hoofs, and by the long hairs of the tail being confined to the extremity of that organ. Recently, however, the Russian traveler Przevalsky, while journeying in the Dungarian desert lying between the Altai and Tianshan mountains of Talbet discovered a new species of wild horse, which seems to have more claim than any of the already known wild kinds to be regarded as the primitive stock of the domestic horse. Like the latter, it has warts upon the hind legs as well as on the fore legs, it has also a broad hoof, while the long hairs of the tail begin about midway, being in this latter aspect, therefore, intermediate between the horse and the ass. It differs from the true horse, however, in having a short erect main, and in the absence of the forelock, while it has not the stripe down the back found in many horses. Przevalsky's horse, according to an account contained in *Nature*, keeps to the wildest parts of the desert, where it is met with in troops of from five to fifteen individuals led by an old stallion—the other members of the troop being apparently mares. They are hard to approach, being shy in disposition and passing highly developed organs of sight, hearing and smell. Przevalsky only met with two herds; in vain he and his companions fired at these animals. "With outstretched head and uplifted tail the stallion disappeared like lightning, with the rest of the heard after him." A single specimen subsequently procured is now in the St. Petersburg museum, and is the only one in Europe. It has since been pointed out by Mr. W. Watts that the figures of the horse found incised on antlers in the cave of La Madeline bear a close resemblance to Przevalsky's horse. There is, he says, "the same massive head, the same long main, absence of forelock, pointed ears, short body, and powerful legs, while there seems even an indication that the long hairs of the tail spring first from the middle of that organ."

THE BOOTS.

Isebara is a Japanese village, probably now well known to Europeans, but at the date of our pilgrimage the arrival there of a foreigner was the occasion for universal excitement and curiosity. Early the next morning we were awakened by much talking and movement outside the screen of our room. One of us, peeping through a crevice, saw that the cause of the assembly was the apparition of our boots, which in deference to the universal custom of the country, we had left on the ground outside our room over night. The simple folk were evidently speculating as to the nature of these articles, for they were standing in a group, chattering, arguing, and gesticulating in the most animated fashion, with the two pairs of boots in their midst. At length one old gentleman took one up, examined it closely, as if it were some kind of curious machine, passed it on to his neighbor, who after his examination, passed it to his, and so on until the the boot had made the circuit of some score of individuals. A sudden opening of the shutters by us occasioned profuse apologies and obeisences, one gentleman in particular, pushed forward as spokesman, making us the following extraordinary speech: "Gents, we have very sorry to be curious for your foot coverings; nevertheless, dese poor man never will see European foot covering before."

ORIGIN OF "OLD HICKORY."

Gen. Jackson was known among the soldiers who had served him as "Old Hickory," a sobrique given him during the Creek War. His brigade was making a forced march without baggage or tents, to surprise the Indians in one of their villages, and was for several days and nights exposed to the peltings of a March storm, the rain freezing as it fell. Gen. Jackson got a severe cold, but did not complain, as he tried to sleep in a muddy bottom among his half-frozen soldiers. Capt. Allen and his brother John cut down a stout hickory tree, peeled off the bark and made a covering for the general, who was with difficulty persuaded to crawl into it. The next morning a drunken citizen entered the camp, and seeing the tent he kicked it over. As Jackson crawled from the ruins the toper cried: "Hello, Old Hickory; come out of your bark and jine us in a drink!" Thenceforth the general was known in camp as "Old Hickory," and when he was talked of as a presidential candidate the nickname was adopted by his supporters.

—ORIENTAL is the best in the market. Try a sack.

WHAT BECOMES OF THE DEAD.

If we follow the process of decay which takes place in the grave, it will be found that living organisms take part in the decay of the buried body, just as they do when beef or mutton is consumed by a man. In absolutely pure air, flesh does not decay, and is in fact preserved for an indefinite time. But air is very seldom absolutely pure, for in it are an infinite number of floating micro-organisms, either as spores or fully developed. On the tops of mountains these organisms, which are named bacilli, bacteria, or micrococci, are sparsely found. In the air of the country they are common, in that of towns they abound, over sewers or above churchyards they positively swarm. What are they? Are they plants or animals? This is a question that science has not yet decided. Chemists are inclined to consider them animals of a very low type, because animals are chiefly engaged in performing analytical functions, that is, pulling organic matter to pieces, while plants perform synthetical functions, that is, building up complex organic matter out of simple materials, for example, molding organisms out of carbonic acid, water and ammonia. Now, the great function of these micro-organisms which play such an important part in the economy of the world is to convert potential energy into actual energy, or, to put it more simply, to convert passive affinities into active affinities. In organized matter there is for a time the repose of the chemical attractions of those four elements—carbon, hydrogen, nitrogen and oxygen, which constitute the great bulk of the body. The micro-organisms are engaged in the resolution of the dead body into those active forms of chemical energy—carbonic acid, water and ammonia. When these innumerable little beings have free play they are the greatest benefactors to the human race, for they are the most powerful of all scavengers, and they purify air, water, and soil so as to render them fit for living. But if you oppose their free action by restricting their access by shutting out the free circulation of air necessary to their life functions they become intensely malignant in their character, the true vampires of the dead, for they fly about planting themselves in the blood of the living and producing our well known epidemic diseases—zymotic or "filth" diseases. In the fluids of patients suffering from such diseases these micro-organisms swarm. Mankind has only recently recognized how much we owe to the micro-organisms. Wine and beer are produced by their agency; by them vinegar is formed; by them we get those vast beds of saltpetre or nitre which is one of the forms into which they convert decaying matter. Our ancestors used to live with rushes on the floors. When the rushes became filthy new ones were put on the top, and frequently accumulated to considerable thickness. Then the dreaded "petremen" of the king came and insisted on digging up the clay floor which had become saturated with saltpetre formed by these busy micrococci, in order to save the inhabitants from pestilence produced by their filthy habits. These little organisms, whether they be plants or animals, are infinite benefactors to the human race or terrible scourges, according as man is obedient or disobedient to the wise laws of the Creator.

IRON AS FIRE-RESISTING.

Some interesting and instructive experiments have been lately undertaken by Prof. Bauchinger, of Munich. in reference to the safety of cast-iron columns when exposed to the action of great heat. The professor, having arranged some cast and wrought iron columns heavily weighted, exactly as they would be if supporting a building, had them gradually heated, first to three hundred degrees, next to six hundred degrees, and finally to red-heat; then suddenly cooled them by a jet of water, just as might happen when water is applied to extinguish a fire. The experiments show that the cast-iron columns, although they were bent by the red-heat and exhibited transverse cracks when the cold water was applied, yet they supported the weight resting on them, while the wrought-iron columns were bent before arriving at the state of red-heat, and were afterward so much distorted by the water that re-straightening of them was out of the question. In fact, if supporting a real building, they would have utterly collapsed under the weight they had to sustain. The professor therefore concludes, as the result of his experiments, that cast-iron columns, notwithstanding cracks and bends, would continue to support the weights imposed upon them, while wrought-iron columns would not. In experimenting on pillars of stone, brick, and cement-concrete, the last was found to be the best. Cement-concrete pillars withstood the fierce action of the fire for periods varying from one to three hours; brick pillars, as well as those of clinkers set in cement mortar, displayed great resistance, while natural stone—granite, limestone and sandstone—were not fire-proof. It would therefore appear that, of the several materials for pillars supporting weights, the best for fire-resisting purposes were the cast-iron and cement concrete.

A man who abides in a penitentiary is a law abiding citizen.

Harron velvet ribbons, satin and grograin, in the fancy shades, all the rage now for neck wear—Garmans. 23t

To Physicians.

We do not find fault, reproach or condemn the practice of any regular physician—this is not our mission—but we do claim that if he were to add PERUNA to his prescriptions, as directed in our book on the "Ills of Life," (and furnished gratuitously by all druggists), he would cure all his patients.

Mr. Henry C. Reynolds, Ironton, Lawrence County, Ohio, writes: "My wife has been sorely distressed for many years. Her disease or diseases and the symptoms of them have been so varied that an attempt to describe them would be more than I feel able to undertake. I have paid over a thousand (1,000) dollars for doctors and medicines for her, without any satisfactory results. We read so much about your PERUNA that I was forced to try it. She has now taken five bottles; they have done her more good than all the doctors and medicine that she has ever made use of. PERUNA is certainly a God-send to humanity."

Mrs. O. L. Gregory, Las Vegas, San Migvel County, New Mexico, writes: "I think PERUNA and MANALIN saved my life."

Mrs. Cora Engel, First House on Lazelle street, near Rich, Columbus, Ohio, says: "It affords me much pleasure to state to you the benefit I have received from your PERUNA. I had been troubled with kidney complaint and dizziness in my head for eighteen years. I tried different kinds of patent medicines, and consulted a number of physicians, but received no benefit whatever. About three weeks ago I commenced taking PERUNA. I began to get better before I had taken half a bottle. The dizziness has disappeared, and the other affection has so much improved that I am positive, after I will have taken another bottle, I will be entirely well. I feel like a different person already. A number of my friends have used it, and they think it is a wonderful remedy. My husband says it is one of the best medicines for a cough that he ever took."

A. W. Blackburn, Wooster, O., writes: "Several weeks ago a man came to me, all broken down, terribly nervous, stomach without any power to digest food. Had tried four doctors; none did him any good. Asked me to do something for him. I recommended MANALIN. He told me to-day that he has been taking it regularly, and is now almost well. Said he would sound the praises of MANALIN far and near."

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Blood Purifier of the World.
AN ABSOLUTE CURE FOR
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THE most stubborn cases yield readily to it and has not failed to Cure a single case where directions are followed. Its success has been remarkable and its cures wonderful. It is the most successful preparation in the market for CATARRH and the only one that promises an Absolute, Positive Cure. It is truly a blessing to mankind. A Trial is all that is asked for it. Once used, it is always recommended. Send for testimonials of actual cures.
IT HAS NO EQUAL FOR
MALARIA.
A POSITIVE CURE IS ASSURED.
One bottle is generally sufficient for a cure. Stop taking Quinine. A trial only is asked for KELLER'S CATARRH REMEDY. It is a SPECIFIC for all diseases arising from an impure blood and drives all eruptions from the skin. For Syphilitic complaints it is superior to any preparation in the market. One bottle will cure most of the following complaints and a continued use will POSITIVELY cure. Save doctor bills and try it.
RHEUMATISM.
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LOSS OF APPETITE.
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FEMALE WEAKNESS.
KELLER'S CATARRH REMEDY is no patent medicine, but a safe and pleasant preparation to take and surely the greatest medical discovery of the age. One bottle rejuvenates the entire system and possesses more virtue than a half dozen bottles of ordinary patent preparations. Write for testimonials and other information.
For sale by druggists generally.
PRICE $1.00 A BOTTLE. SIX BOTTLES FOR $5.00. On receipt of $5.00 by the manufacturers, SAMUEL F. KELLER & Co., Harrisburg, Pa., six bottles will be sent express paid.
TRADE MARK.

A. H. V.
AYER'S Hair Vigor cures baldness. Hair Vigor restores youthful freshness and color to faded and gray hair. It attains these results by the stimulation of the hair roots and color glands. It rejuvenates the HAIR and cleanses it. It restores to the that, either by reason of age or diseases of the scalp, has become dry, harsh and brittle, a pliancy and glossy silken softness of extreme beauty. There is no dye in Ayer's Hair and the good it does is by the VIGOR it imparts to the follicles, and the cleanliness and healthfulness of the condition in which it maintains the scalp.
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Ayer's Hair Vigor
Contains no deleterious ingredients. Its use prevents all scalp disease, secures against the hair growing thin or gray, and surely cures all baldness that is not organic.
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Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists.

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We would especially suggest in Heating Stoves the
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25 YEARS IN USE.
The Greatest Medical Triumph of the Age!
SYMPTOMS OF A TORPID LIVER.
Loss of appetite, Bowels costive, Pain in the head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the shoulder-blade, Fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, Weariness, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Headache over the right eye, Restlessness, with fitful dreams, Highly colored Urine, and
CONSTIPATION.
TUTT'S PILLS are especially adapted to such cases, one dose effects such a change of feeling as to astonish the sufferer. They Increase the Appetite, and cause the body to Take on Flesh, thus the system is nourished, and by their Tonic Action on the Digestive Organs, Regular Stools are produced. Price 25c. 44 Murray St., N.Y.
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GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS changed to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. It imparts a natural color, acts instantaneously. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of $1.
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This lecture will prove a boon to thousands and thousands.
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41 Ann St., New York, N. Y., Post Office Box 450.
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		WESTWARD.		
ERIE MAIL	leaves	Philadelphia	11 20	p m
"	"	Harrisburg	3 30	a m
"	"	Montandon	5 45	a m
"	"	Williamsport	7 25	a m
"	"	Jersey Shore	7 57	a m
"	"	Lock Haven	8 25	a m
"	"	Renovo	9 35	a m
"	arr at	Erie	6 00	p m
NEWS EXPRESS	leaves	Philadelphia	4 30	a m
"	"	Harrisburg	8 10	a m
"	"	Montandon	10 12	a m
"	"	Williamsport	11 10	a m
"	arr at	Lock Haven	12 05	p m
NIAGARA EXP.	leaves	Philadelphia	7 40	a m
"	"	Harrisburg	11 25	a m
"	"	Montandon	1 30	a m
"	arr at	Williamsport	2 35	p m
"	"	Lock Haven	3 55	p m
"	"	Renovo	5 05	p m
"	"	Kane	9 25	p m
Passengers by this train arrive in Bellefonte at			5 05	p m
EAST LINE	leaves	Philadelphia	11 50	p m
"	"	Harrisburg	3 45	p m
"	"	Montandon	5 54	p m
"	"	Williamsport	7 10	p m
"	"	Lock Haven	8 15	p m
"	arr at	Renovo	9 15	p m
		(Sunday Train.		
SUNDAY MAIL	leaves	Philadelphia	4 30	a m
"	"	Harrisburg	7 40	a m
"	"	Montandon	9 37	a m
"	"	Williamsport	10 40	a m
"	"	Lock Haven	11 33	a m
"	arrives	Renovo	12 30	p m
		EASTWARD.		
SEA SHORE EXP.	leaves	Lock Haven	7 00	a m
"	"	Jersey Shore	7 29	a m
"	"	Williamsport	8 10	a m
"	"	Montandon	9 16	a m
"	arr at	Harrisburg	11 30	a m
"	"	Philadelphia	3 15	p m
DAY EXPRESS	leaves	Kane	5 45	a m
"	"	Renovo	10 00	a m
"	"	Lock Haven	11 09	a m
"	"	Williamsport	12 15	p m
"	"	Montandon	1 17	p m
"	arr at	Harrisburg	3 25	p m
"	"	Philadelphia	6 50	p m
WMPT ACN	leaves	Renovo	3 40	p m
"	"	Lock Haven	5 00	p m
"	"	Williamsport	6 35	p m
"	"	Montandon	7 41	p m
"	arrives at	Harrisburg	10 00	p m
"	"	Philadelphia	4 25	a m
Sunday Train—Williamsport Accom'n East runs also on Sundry.				
ERIE MAIL	leaves	Erie	2 20	p m
"	"	Renovo	10 40	p m
"	"	Lock Haven	11 45	p m
"	"	Williamsport	1 05	a m
"	"	Montandon	2 30	a m
"	arr at	Harrisburg	4 30	a m
"	"	Philadelphia	8 25	a m

Erie Mail West, Niagara Express West, and Day Express East make close connection at Lock Haven with B. E. V. R. R. Trains.
Erie Mail East and West connect at Erie with trains on L. S. & M. S. R. R.; at Corry with B. P. & W. R R; at Emporium with B., N. Y. & P. R. R., and at Driftwood with A. V. R. R.

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Daily Except Sunday.

Westward.				Eastward.			
P M	A.M.	A.M.	STATIONS.	A M	P.M.	P M	
1 35	10 20	5 50	Montandon	9 10	1 10	5 50	
1 50	10 35	6 00	Lewisburg, arrive	8 55	12 55	5 35	
2 15	10 35	7 25	Lewisburg, leave	8 55	12 40	4 50	
2 25	10 40	7 30	Fair Grounds	8 30	12 35	4 45	
2 30	10 51	7 40	Bethl	8 20	12 24	4 54	
2 36	11 00	7 45	Vicksburg	8 15	12 16	4 28	
3 00	11 20	8 00	Millinburg	8 00	12 00	4 13	
3 28		8 22	Milmont	7 40		3 52	
3 40		8 33	Laurelton	7 30		3 40	
5 00		9 48	Coburn	6 18		2 20	
5 30		10 15	Rising Spring	5 50		1 50	
		10 39	Centre Hall			1 28	
		10 48	Gregg			1 19	
		11 00	Linden Hall			1 08	
		11 10	Oak Hall			1 00	
		11 20	Lemont			12 50	

Additional trains leave Lewisburg for Montandon at 5.2 a m, 10 a m, and 7.30 p m, returning leave Montandon for Lewisburg at 9.20 a m, 6.05 p m and 7.50 p m.
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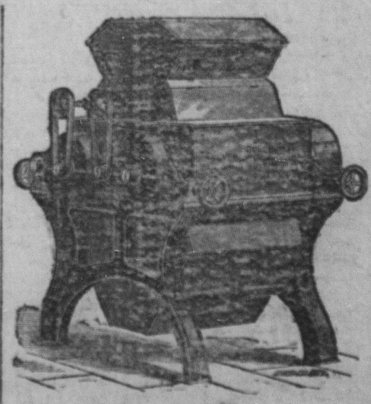

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NEWS OF THE WEEK

—A. M. Keily was at the State Department on the 28th settling up his accounts. He has not yet resigned as United States Minister to Austria, but will do so. He does not desire a re-appointment in the diplomatic service.

—The Post-office Department has requested the Secretary of the Treasury to cause all Canadian mails coming into the United States to be thoroughly fumigated to obviate the danger of introducing small-pox into this country through that channel.

—Governor Sherman, of Iowa, has ordered the State Veterinarian to visit Pottawattamie and Harrison counties to examine into the death of a large number of cattle from Texas fever.

—The Treasury Department has paid out about $10,000,000 on account of pensions this month. It is therefore expected that the decrease of the public debt for August will not be as large as usual.

—Three freight cars ran off the track on the Delaware and Chesapeake Railroad near Easton, Maryland, on the 27th. Martin Hubbard, a brakeman, was killed.

—The revised estimate of the losses by the storm at Charleston, South Carolina, is sixteen hundred and ninety thousand dollars, including $400,000 along the wharves and $550,000 of private property. The remainder includes losses and shipping $200,000, on Sullivan's Island $100,000 cotton presses $85,000, and city property, churches, railroads and phosphate mills $50,000 each, and miscellaneous $155,000. "The work of reparation is so active that all business now offering is fully accommodated, and in ten days the facilities will be as good as ever."

—At Annapolis, Maryland, on the 29th, Judge Jones turned over the Annapolis and Elk Ridge Railroad to the trustees appointed on the part of the bondholders. The order also prohibits any interference on the part of the President and Directors of the company with the trustees. The matter has been in the Courts for several years.

—Governor Pierce, of Dakota, on the 29th, made formal application to the acting Secretary of the Treasury for reinbursement of moneys expended in taking the semi-decennial census of that Territory for the year 1885. This is the first application of the kind received at the Treasury Department. The claim has been referred for examination and report.

—General Manager Talmadge and other officers of the Wabash and Missouri Pacific Railroad left New York on the 28th for the Southwest. It is their intention to make a tour of inspection over Jay Gould's Southwestern system. Meanwhile, the Knights of Labor have been asked to wait until Mr. Talmadge can work his way around to St. Louis.

—A largely attended and enthusiastic meeting of the French Canadians of Rochester, New York, was held on the 30th in behalf of Riel. A petition, addressed to Secretary Bayard, asking for the interposition of the United States Government, was unanimously adopted. The petition, which is signed by all the French residents, states "that Riel is a citizen of the United States, and that his trial was not a fair one."

—The Naval Construction Board has completed the inventory of the Government cruisers Boston and Chicago at Roach's ship yard at Chester, Pa., and will go to New York at an early date to take an account of work on the Atlanta. Another Board will follow this one to give values.

—On the 30th, Ira F. Powers' furniture factory in Portland, Oregon, was burned. Loss, $32,000. The Oregonian Railroad Company's wharf also caught fire and two thirds of it was destroyed. Loss, $10,000. The chair factory of Gardner, Holmes & Co., in East Sixty first street, New York, was burned on the 30th. Loss about $100,000.

—Heavy rains at Charleston, South Carolina, on the 30th caused much damage in houses which had been unroofed by the recent cyclone and not repaired.

—Rear Admiral Francis A. Roe, now on duty as Governor of the Naval Asylum at Philadelphia, will be retired on October 4th next. The retirement will cause the following promotions: Commodore S. B. Luce to be Rear Admiral, Captain D. B. Harmony to be Commodore, Commander A. T. Mahan to be Captain, Lieutenant Commander F. W. Dickens to be Commander, and Lieutenant W. T. Bidwill to be Lieutenant Commander.

—According to a telegram from Boston the aggregate exchanges of 27 leading Clearing Houses ending 29th ult., were $644 818,584, against $649,867,901 the preceding week. Chicago gained 17½ per cent., Indianapolis 16½, Detroit 10, Boston 9, St. Louis 3, Kansas City 18, Memphis 83½ and Philadelphia 1. New York decreased 2½, San Francisco 8, Baltimore 19, Cincinnati 9½ and Pittsburg 20 per cent.

—The annual meeting of the Dominion Rifle Association opened in Ottawa, Ontario, on the 31st ult. There were 420 competitors, and the aggregate number of individual prizes is 827.

—The census of Dakota shows that the population of the entire Territory is about 416,000. The population of that part of the Territory south of the 46th parallel is 263,465.

—The White House was reopened to the public on the 31st ult. The building has been cleaned and renovated during the President's absence, and is now in condition for his return.

—It is said the cattle men incline to the belief that the Excutive orders of August 14th for the removal of all fences from the public lands will not be enforced. It is said at the Interior Department, however, that the order will be carrid out to the letter, and with the full force of the military if necessary.

—The Governor of Alabama on the 31st ult. reappointed E. C. Beltz to be Commissioner of the state department of Agriculture.

—President Cleveland and Dr. Ward were at Lake Placid, in the Adirondacks, on the 1st

—An election on the local option question in McLennan county, Texas, on the 31st ult., resulted in a majority of 1500 for the Prohibitionists. The Prohibition Convention of Ulster county, New York, met on the 1st in Kingston, listened to an address from Neal Dow, and nominated a full county ticket.

—In Hill county, Texas, on the 31st ult., the Prohibitionists were defeated by 500 majority.

—The corner-stone of a statue in memory of Commodore Perry of Lake Erie fame, was laid on the 1st, at Newport Rhode Island, with Masonic ceremonies. The Governor of Rhode Island and the Mayor and City Councilmen of Newport were present. The statue was placed in position on the 2d. The base is of granite, and the entire height of pedestal and statue will be 25 feet.

—Inspector Armstrong, just returned to El Paso, Texas, from an inspection of the Indian agencies in Arizona, reports that the residents of that Territory have no further fear of Indian depradations. The Apaches at San Carlos Agency have raised a large crop of grain this year, and are peaceful and contented.

—William M. Given, ex-U. S. Senator from California, is dangerously ill in New York. He is 80 years of age.

—Theodore D. Jewey, the new Collector of Customs of Charleston, South Carolina, on the 1st took charge of the Custom House in that city. Deputy Collector Ostendorff resigned, and Captain Legare J. Walker took his place.

—No crop report for August will be issued by the secretary of the Board of Agriculture of Kansas, correspondents having reported no material changes.

—Judge Harlan, of the Court of Commissioners of Alabama Claims, is sick at his home in Iowa. Until he arrives in Washington to confer with other members of the Court no statement will be made in answer to the action of the First Comptroller in refusing requisition for the current expenses of the Court.

—The corner-stone of the new State Capitol at Georgia, in Atlanta, was laid on the 2d with Masonic ceremonies. Governor McDaniel presented the structure to the Legislature, and General A. R. Lawton, of Savannah, delivered an oration.

—President Cleveland was given a reception at the Stevens House, Lake Placid, on the 2d, and fireworks were displayed in his honor.

—More than 100,000 head of cattle have been driven from the Cheyenne and Arapahoe reservation, in accordance with the President's proclamation. About 70,000 remain, but will be removed as soon as possible.

—The first test of the reservoir system on the Upper Mississippi was made on the 1st. Owing to the low water and the threatened close of navigation above Winona the gate of the government dam at Winnebegoshish reservoir was raised, and a rise of five feet in the river followed at Brainerd, Minnesota.

—Thirty thousand persons attended the Grangers' picnic at Williams' Grove, Penna., on the 2d.

—The lady drowned with John H. Morgan by the upsetting of a canoe in the Potomac river, at Washington, on the 24, was Mrs. Emma Della Seta, aged about 40 years. She was a widow, a clerk in the General Land Office, and resided with her sister.

Beet Sugar.

The process of manufacturing sugar from beets was discovered in 1747 by a German chemist. It was not practically developed, however, until 1800, when Napoleon, having laid an embargo on the import of Great Britain's colonial products, ordered the chemists of France to devote their especial attention to the making of sugar from beets. Under the pressure of necessity it was soon found possible to produce an excellent article, and beet-sugar making became a profitable industry. More than half of the sugar now used in France is made from beets in her own factories, a total of 60,000 tons, and large amounts are made in Germany, Belgium, and other continental countries. The kind of beet preferred for this use is the white Silesian, of which there are several varieties, all of large size, and yielding a juice very rich in saccharine quality. The yield per acre of this beet in Europe is from fifteen to twenty tons; it requires a light dry soil and a dry atmosphere. Five tons of roots produce about five hundred pounds of coarse sugar; one-half can be made into the refined product, the rest is used for molasses. When their leaves begin to die the beets are dug, the heads cut off, and the roots are thrown together and covered to protect them from light and frost but they should not be left in the heap any great length of time, as the fresher the root the more readily does its sugar crystalize in manufacture. In the factory the beets are first washed clean in a cage revolving in water, then grated to a pulp by powerful rotating machinery, and the juice forced out of the pulp by hydraulic pressure. Another method is to cut by machinery the root into small squares and extract its saccharine element by infusion in hot water. When the juice is obtained, by either method, lime water is added to it, and it is then boiled. To remove any excess of lime the liquor is then filtered through animal charcoal, or a current of carbonic acid is passed through it, a chemical combination precipitating carbonate of lime. The liquor is then filtered ready for the refining process, which is essentially the same as that used for cane sugar, that is, repeated filtration and concentration by evaporation until the granulating point is reached.

—The first Napoleon slept in hollands for sheets, the Bourbons in cambric, and Napoleon III in ordinary linen.

—A whistling match, in which the winner held out for two and a half hours was held recently in Pittsburg.

BREAKING STUBBLE.

I saw the plow go up the hill
The rolling uplands plowing;
The harrow followed it to till
The ground for early sowing.

O! upland wide, that erst was brown,
And plowing leaves more homely;
The summer brings your verdant crown,
With herbage covered comely.

And then the yellow harvest comes
Fit for the time of reaping,
The cheerful time of "harvest home,"
With thankful hearts in keeping.

Ah! in our lives we sometimes feel
The lines of plow and harrow;
In smoothest places, oft, the steel
Leaves trenches broad and narrow.

Lord of the Harvest! 'twas Thy hand
The plower's hand that guided;
'Twas hard to break the stubble land,
Thy will, not ours, decided.

O! Master, let the harvest be
Worth thine angels reaping;
Our ripened sheaves we bring to thee,
And leave them in Thy keeping.

WAS SHE FRIVOLOUS?

The Rev. Mr. Shaw contrasted greatly with his surroundings—his spotless cloth fitting so well his strong, manly figure, his clear cut, Grecian features, and dark wavy hair, thrown back with careless grace from his smooth brow.

He was visiting one of those wretched tenement houses used by the very poor, and before him was a forlorn group.

A widow who had just buried her husband; she had five helpless children—the eldest six, the youngest a nursling baby, and a pair of twins among them. The rags, and, worse than all, the dirt of poverty was every where apparent.

An expression of almost sublime pity rested on the countenance of the minister.

The woman, with the apron thrown over her head, rocked herself to and fro, and wailed forth her troubles.

"I don't know what I'm a-goin' to do for myself and the little 'uns. Though my old man would have his drink, he didn't beat us, and brought enough to keep body and soul together but now I know we can't do nothin' but starve and die!"

"Have you no friends?" asked Mr. Shaw in a low voice.

"Some, but as bad or wuss off than us. Yes," she said looking up with a grateful, bright expression, "there is one—Lord bless her! who has done a lot for me—Miss Mehitable Sanks. She sent medicine and the doctors to the old man, and guv' me clothes and suthin' to eat; and many's the man, woman and child that blesses her for takin' care of 'em. Why, sir, she even leaves little cards with stamps on 'em, and Job Potter, who can write, sends 'em to her when we are in a very bad state."

After assuring her of his sympathy, and that he would do what he could for her, the minister wended his way home. As he thought of those to whom he might appeal, a vision of a bright face haunted him, but while he lingered over the thought most tenderly, there was a shadow on his brow as if there was some slight jar that marred the harmony of his thoughts.

Mr. Shaw was the rector of one of the wealthy churches of the city, and Mabelle Lee was one of the parishioners. Her face was Madonna-like in its tender curves and beauty, the large blue eyes with just a tinge of sadness, the perfect curve of the red lips, a faultless complexion and blonde hair that was like a halo of light round the graceful head. But ah, when she talked it was like a damper, a mist on a beautiful picture, marring the tints that otherwise would have been perfect.

Bright and witty, but a butterfly; such a devotee to society that one longed for the expression of a single serious thought that could leaven into something like common sense this personification of frivolity. With it all, however, she was lovely and lovable to every one, and Mr. Shaw had long struggled against an interest in her, the indulgence of which he felt would be fatal to his future happiness and usefulness.

Absorbed in these thoughts he found himself in front of Mr. Lee's house, and obeying an impulse he turned into the gate and was admitted.

As Miss Lee entered the parlor he thought he had seldom seen a fairer vision, and was vexed to feel his heart throb more quickly, and thrill with a pleasure that he felt must be controlled. She greeted him with that easy grace which was one of her principal charms.

"Ah, Mr. Shaw! I am so glad to see you. I had a real spell of ennui this morning. This last novel is wretched, as both hero and heroine die in the most provoking way, and because of some overstrained idea of duty, and I was just wishing that some one would come in and I could have a cheerful little chat to dispel the gloomy impression."

"Then I'm afraid," smilingly, "you will not like your present visitor. I have not come in a very cheerful humor; and, besides, I wish to ask you a favor."

"A favor! That is too lovely. Consider it granted, even to the half of my kingdom. I am truly glad that you wish to ask a favor of me, because I did not think your opinion of me was sufficiently good for such a thing. Do you know," with a sudden droop of the eyes, "that you always make me feel as if I am doing something wrong?"

"Do I? Well, I shall give you a golden opportunity now to redeem yourself. I have just been visiting some of those wretchedly poor families in——street, and I would like it so much if you could interest some ladies in their behalf—visit them and relieve them."

A look of consternation overspread her pretty face as he exclaimed:

"Oh, indeed, you don't mean for me to go there? How could I ever stand it! I can't bear such places. Ask me almost anything else. The dreadful men and women?—the odor! Ugh!" with a shudder. "Ask me almost anything else,"

A look of keen disappointment drifted over Mr. Shaw's face.

She suddenly brightened and said.

"I do intend to do something good next week. I have refused a German," triumphantly, "that I may attend the Charity Calico Ball to be given. You know all the dresses are for the poor, so I shall do some good."

"And what is your dress to be?" asked Mr. Shaw, with rather an indescribable inflection to his voice.

"The loveliest blue silesia, with a flowered cretonne front," enthusiastically, "sleeveless waist, Medici collar, shirred and very bouffant draperies. It will be beautiful, and I know it will seem very nice to some poor woman who never had anything like it.

"Yes," he said in a tone quite saturated with irony, "I don't doubt its usefulness; but don't you think you ought to add a few more yards of illusion to make some warm bodies for those who have no fires, and a few yards of ribbon to decorate the little freezing arms?"

"Now, you are angry with me, Mr. Shaw," hesitatingly. "Don't think me utterly heartless; but I can't go to——street. It would really give me a little blue chill."

"I could never consent to such a cruel thing as that," he said, with an unpleasant smile. "I really feel that I owe you an apology for intruding such a disagreeable subject, particularly after your nerves were shattered with your novel. Good morning," and he bowed himself out very abruptly, with a strange little pain in his heart.

He did not again allude to the subject to her, but found other ladies who interested themselves warmly in the work.

Everywhere that he went in his charity rounds he could see and feel the influence of Miss Sanks' good acts. She seemed to be an angel of mercy, who never tired, and who devoted her entire time to charity. All that she did was marked by a practical good sense and a depth of thought and feeling that he could not fail to admire. Still he chanced never to meet her.

One day, when entering the Post-office, he saw in advance of him the graceful figure of Mabelle Lee. She was unaware of his presence, and, standing idly behind her, he felt as if he had received an electric shock as she asked: "Is there anything for Miss Mehitable Sanks?" and then received and pocketed several postal cards.

If he was astonished at the question, he was still more so at the effect which his discovered presence produced on her.

Her face and neck, even to the roots of her golden curls, were dyed in a painful crimson, her eyes dialated with an expression of consternation, but with a little haughty gesture of recognition, she hurried past him.

Acting upon an impulse, with a few hasty steps he soon overtook her. He was lost in a bewildering surpise. She was the last person with whom he would have connected Miss Sanks in any way, and her great agitation, as he walked beside her, increased his surprise.

A sudden bright suspicion caused his heart to beat almost to suffocation.

"Tell me, Miss Mabelle, he said, "what have you to do with Miss Sanks' letters?"

"I really can't understand, Mr. Shaw, what right you have to ask such a question. In all things spiritual I acknowledge your right, but in this instance you forget yourself."

"Tell me," he said, with eager, regardless haste, are you Miss Sanks?"

A sudden burst of tears was her only answer, as she hastily pulled down her veil and walked silently beside him.

A calm of perfect joy descended upon him as he realized the truth. He walked by her side until he reached her home, and then, without invitation, entered it with her.

As they reached the parlor she tossed aside her hat and stood before him more like a discovered culprit than the little saint she had proved to be.

There was a defiant sparkle in her eye as she turned her flushed face to him.

He took both of her hands in his.

"So, Mabelle, Mabelle," he murmured, tenderly, "your heart is as beautiful as your face, though you have vailed your goodness under an exterior of frivolity. This is not the general rule of humanity."

"But Mr. Shaw, if it is a fault, it lies entirely at your door."

Have I anything to do with it?" in surprise. "I have been thinking for a long while that you were entirely beyond my control.

"Nevertheless, I have only been obeying your instructions. Don't you remember you sometime since preached against ostentatious charity? 'Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth.' I thought there was a world of truth and force in it, and I have only practiced what you preached. And now, Mr. Shaw," she said, with a demure glance at him, "if you are done with my hands I will not trouble you to hold them any longer.

"No," he said, gravely; "I do not wish to return them. Mabelle! Mabelle!" quickly and tenderly, "give me the privilege of owning them always Won't you, darling?"

She caught them quickly away.

"No, no," with a low laugh; "it is Miss Sanks with whom you have fallen in love, for Mabelle Lee has only had your toleration."

"Ah," he said, "that's when I thought you were a butterfly. Now that I know you to be a saint, I beg you to share your grace with me and help me in all good things. I am willing to take you or Miss Sanks—or, in defiance of the law of the land, I will take you both."

She hesitated; then with a lovely blush and smile, she laid her hand in his.

"One for Miss Sanks—one for myself."

He drew her to him, and felt that one sermon at least had been cast upon the waters, which had returned to him after many days.

Narcotics.

Talking of poisons, the use of narcotics is not confined to civilized people. The Peruvian Indians are so fond of narcotics that they have several besides the coca, the principal substitute for it being the thornapple. Of this the fruit is employed, and from it is prepared a drink which throws the drinker into a deep sleep in which visions of most remarkable character are seen. The thornapple was formerly much used by the Peruvian priests in playing upon the superstitious fears of the people, as the latter supposed that by its use the former were transported into the immediate presence of their deities; and though the teachings of the monks have tended largely to dissipate these fancies, there is still a large element of the supernatural intermixed with beliefs about the thornapple. Sometimes it produces strong convulsions or fits of nervous excitement similar to the kaschisch, rendering the drinker dangerous. The common thornapple is well known in Europe, and in Germany and France has often been used for criminal purposes. In India there is a class of men very dangerous to travelers, since they make a practice of haunting the common resorts of travel, and whenever they find an unwary stranger whose appearance indicates wealth, will take an opportunity to drop into his food a small quantity of the seeds of the thornapple. Intoxication of a whole day's duration then follows, when the unfortunate man is robbed and left to die or recover, as the case may be, without further concern on their part. In Siberia a common fungus, a common toad-stool, is used as a narcotic, being found in all parts of Northern Europe. It is gathered during the hot months and dried, then used as an infusion. Sometimes the fungus is eaten raw, when first gathered; but this is a wastefulness that no true Siberian drunkard will tolerate. The toad-stool brings out the natural dispositions of the individual to a remarkable degree, the talkative man being unable to keep still, nor the quarrelsome man to refrain from fighting. So extensive is the variety and so wide the geographic distribution of narcotics in one form or another, that it would seem as if they were intended for some good use, though the tendency thus far, it must be admitted, has been to their abuse rather than to render them of any benefit as a medicine.

Artesian Wells in the Sahara.

A correspondent of Ausland makes a communication regarding the present condition of the artesian wells in Sahara. It is well known that such wells have been in operation there from a very remote period, and in the Algerian Sahara additional wells have been opened with considerable success by the French. Between Biskra and Tuggurt the 334 old wells yielded in 1879 64,000 litres of pure water per minute, the 63 French ones 113,000 litres. The number of palms had increased from 339,000 to 517,000, that of other fruit trees from 40,000 to 90,000, the population 6,672 to 12,827. In December, 1881, the yield of water from the wells had risen to 209,000 litres per minute.

But this success is confined to a narrow zone which water can be reached within a depth of 100 metres, and even here the borings that have been made since 1881 indicate a diminution in the yield of water, making it appear as if the limit of production of the underground reservoirs had almost been reached. Many of the French borings, to are getting stopped up by sands, and are of too small caliber to be cleaned out and restored like the wider Arabic ones. It is believed that it will be absolutely necessary to set about the sinking of new wells with a wider bore.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Prefer truth before the maintaining of an opinion.

Gratitude preserves old friendship and procures new.

The man who knows the most is not an owing man.

Have not the cloak to make when it begins to rain.

School houses are the republican line of fortifications.

The failure of one man is the opportunity of another.

Men may be ungrateful, but the human race is not so.

Fretting about to-morrow's troubles never drives them off.

Why lead a bad life when you can follow a good example!

The modern Noah's ark is an umbrella and a gum coat.

The ornaments of a home are the friends who frequent it.

Affection is the organizing force in the human constitution.

The best navigation—steering clear of the rocks of contention.

Prudery is often the mantle chosen to conceal triumphant vice.

No person can stoop so low as those who are over-anxious to rise.

Base natures joy to see hard hap happen to those they deem happy.

There are men whose friends are more pitied than their enemies.

If you are slandered never mind it; it will all come off when it is dry.

No ashes are lighter than incense, and few things burn out sooner.

If there be no enemy, no fight, no victory; if no victory, no crown.

He shall be immortal who liveth till he be stoned by one without fault.

The defects of the mind, like those of the face, grow worse as we grow old.

A man must get right down to his work in order to get up in the world.

Thirst teaches all animals to drink, but drunkenness belongs only to man.

He who envies me, makes my virtue his vice, and my happiness his torment.

Punctuality requires no undue exertion, and its influence is a most salutary one.

He who builds according to every man's advice, will live in a very crooked house.

Immoderate pleasure shortens the existence more than any remedies prolong it.

Little minds are tamed and subdued by misfortune, but great minds rise above it.

There are many wretched rich men, in proportion, as there are wretched poor men.

Before you set about asking God's blessing, make sure that you have earned it.

Many receive their creed as they do their money, because they find it in circulation.

Some men are like matches; scratching their heads seem to make them brighter.

He that calls a man ungrateful, sums up all the evil that a man can be guilty of.

The first essential to successful study is the power of concentration of thought.

The happiness or unhappiness of old age is often nothing but the extract of a past life.

Knowledge without justice becomes craft; courage without reason becomes rashness.

Rest, that is permanent, is not to be expected on the road, but at the end of the journey.

There is no higher excellence than simplicity, be it in manners, dress, literature or art.

He who bears much from others, finds that they will, after a while bear much from him.

There are few occasions when ceremony may not be easily disposed with, kindness never.

If morals could discover the science of conquering themselves we should have perfection.

Grant graciously what you cannot refuse safely, and conciliate those you cannot conquer.

A kettledrum is so called because it is made up of a great deal of noise and very little to eat.

Cheerfulness or joyfulness is the heaven under which everything not poisonous thrives.

The will should always be kept up to what the understanding shows as necessary to be done.

Japanese soldiers carry fans. These weapons are probably only used in the hottest of the fight.

Riches often take wings, and the feathers of those wings are to be seen on women's bonnets.

It is better to do the most trifling thing in the world than to think half an hour of a trifling thing.

The truly great man undertakes a thing because it is great; the fool, because he thinks it is easy.

The excuse of a milkman: "Can't help it if the milk's thin; cows are wadin' about in the water."

There is no greater fool than he who thinks himself wise: no one is wiser than he who suspects he is a fool.

Men are often more guilty of treachery from weakness of character than from any settled design to betray.

The Boston girls don't say, "Oh, get out!" when they are provoked. They request you to "Make your exit!"

If the ages of human beings were to be reckoned only by hours and days well spent, most of us would be in our infancy.

It is wonderful—wonderful and delightful, to think how long a good man's beneficence may be potent, even after his death.

Nothing startles a man more than unexpectedly touching a dog's cold nose, unless it is suddenly meeting a man with a bill.

"Where would we be without women?" asked a writer. We would be all right; but the little pug dog—where would it be?

MIDSUMMER MADRIGAL.

Behold!
The tenebrific curtains of the night
The twilight's hands let fall,
The sunset glory with the dying light
Fades from the western wall,
The gold,
The crimson, purple, silver coloring dies,
The flowers their petals close,
The stars begin to ope their twinkling eyes
And dewdrops gem the rose.

Now see
The lovesick youth approach the garden gate,
With rapture in his eye,
The maid, he knows, his coming doth await
With fond anxiety.
And he
Deems he is blessed beyond all men the sun
E'er shed her beams upon—
The maiden's guileless heart he's sure he's won
And it is all his own.

How sad
To think our fairest, fondest hopes decay
When burgeoning to bloom!
The bud and blossom, and alackaday!
Our sunshine turns to gloom.
Too bad!
See from his eyes the joyous sparkle fade!
The swain arrives too late—
Another youth is swinging with the maid
Upon the garden gate!

A TRAIN ADVENTURE.

In our little circle of friends there was general astonishment when we learned of the approaching marriage of Valentine Sancerre. What! he, the hardened bachelor, the Parisian skeptic, rebelling against any idea of matrimony! the gay high-liver who swore a hundred times that he would never *have anything to do with it*! Valentine, in short, was going to enter the great brotherhood. And who was he going to marry? A widow? Worse than that – a provincial! We could not understand it.

So the first time I met him I collared him at once and asked for an explanation.

—"I have hardly time," he said; "I have a hundred things to do. But if you will walk along with me."

So we went down to the boulevard arm in arm.

"The story is very simple," said Valentine, "and devilish commonplace; but since you wish to know it will tell it."

"In the month of February I set out for Nice to attend the carvival festivals. I have a horror of traveling at night. I therefore took the 9 o'clock train, which would bring me into Marseilles at five minutes past midnight. I was to pass a day at Marseilles, where my good friends, the Rombeauds, expected me to breakfast. The next morning I was to go to Nice, where I was to arrive at 2 o'clock in the afternoon.

"At the Lyons station there was a perfect jam, but, thanks to the proverbial obligingness of the station agent, M. Friegnoul, I managed to find a corner in a coupe. I was alone with another traveler, who wore decorations, and had a severe, administrative bearing, and his sole baggage a portfolio. Assuredly he was not going far with such an equipment, and I should soon be alone. Alone!—the only thing that renders traveling on a railroad endurable.

"Everyone was in his place and the train was about to leave when we heard disputing voices at the car door.

"No, sir, no," said some woman with a clear, fresh voice, with an imperceptible Southern accent. "I have ordered a sleeping compartment and I must have one."

"But, madam, we have none."

"You ought to have paid attention to my letter."

'We have received no letter, madam.

"Put on a car then."

"Impossible. We have on the full number. Come, come, be quick. The train is starting."

"But I must have a seat."

"Well, I offer you two in this car."

"In there."

"Yes, there."

A little brunette face was thrust into the door and immediately withdrawn, as if startled.

"Why, there are two gentlemen in there."

"But, madam, I cannot give you a car all alone to yourself."

"Very well; I will not go then."

"As you please. The train will go. I am about to give the signal,'

"Stop, sir, stop. I really must go, and since there is only this car I shall have a sleeping compartment at the next station; shall I not?"

"Yes, madam, yes madam."

"Do you promise me?"

"Oh, yes."

"Surely?"

"Yes, yes, yes."

The door opened, the little brown face was lost in a pile of packages, and rugs; a shriek from the engine pierced the air. We had started.

The administrative gentleman had seated himself near me to leave a place free to the new comer.

Without even casting a look at us, out of breath and red with anger, she arranged her bundles in the strap and around her, with that haste common to all who have many hours to spend in the car. There were one, two, three bags and rugs.

From the corner of my eye I watched her movements, and found to my delight that she was charming. I say delight, for really it is always more agreeable to travel with a pretty woman than with an old Englishman with spectacles.

The air was sharp and cold. The country, covered with snow and lighted by a pale sun, seemed to be flying rapidly away on both sides of the car. The fair traveler, wrapped up to the chin in her rugs, looked steadily and rather sullenly out of the window on the left; the official gentleman drew out large yellow, green and blue papers from his portfolio and read them most carefully, and as for myself, being comfortably seated, I looked over the pile of papers that I had bought at the station.

It was twenty-one minutes past 11, and the train stopped at Laroche. The official gentleman arranged his papers, rose, bowed and left the train. He had hardly alighted when the station agent addressed him by the title of inspector, which he pronounced as if the word were almost too big for his mouth. Here our lady traveler looked out of the car door and called out:

"Sation agent!"

"Madam."

"Did you receive a telegram from Paris for a sleeping compartment?"

"Yes, madam, and I sent on a dispatch for one?"

"Sent on a dispatch! Can't I have one at once?"

"Impossible, madam. We have no cars here. You can't have one until we reach Lyons."

"Lyons! At what hour?"

"At 5:45, madam."

"All day to wait, then. Why, sir, I cannot remain in this car until that hour. It is impossible. I will not."

"Take care, madam, the train is starting."

The train moved on and she buried herself in her corner in a rage, without casting a look at me, while I buried myself in my tenth journal.

Shall I confess that it took me longer to read that one journal than all the other nine? I read the same line twenty times; I even believe that I held it upside down. Devil take it, it couldn't be helped. You know what a Frenchman is. He can't be alone with a pretty woman on a long journey without feeling some emotion.

I longed to enter into a conversation with her, but what pretext, what subject could I find? Owing to the temperature, the classic resource of windows to raise or lower did not exist. What was there to do, then? Attempt a commonplace remark? It was a hundred times better to be silent. With the keen perception of an old Parisian, I saw at once that my neighbor was a woman of the best society. To speak to her thus abruptly, without knowing her, would have made me pass in her eyes for a common traveling clerk. The only thing to do was to find something supremely original to say to her. But what? What? I racked my brains in vain, and I was still racking them when the train suddenly stopped, thanks to the modern inventions so good in case of accidents, but so bad for travelers.

"Tonnerre; stop twenty-five minutes for refreshments," cried the conductor, opening the car-door.

My neighbor arose, threw aside her rugs, which she left in the car with her three little bags, and alighted. She went to the refreshment room in the station on the other side of the track.

I followed her. I could admire at my ease an elegant figure, well defined by a long beaver cloak. I also remarked that she had pretty black frizzles at the back of her neck, a gay felt hat and very small feet.

At the entrance of the room stood the head waiter, in a velvet cap, and highly favored by bearing a striking resemblance to Napoleon III. With a flourish of the hand and napkin, he pointed out a long table ready for an attack.

I entered with the stream of hatless, breathless, rumpled travelers. In short, I was one of that file essentially grotesque and painful, as regards human grace and beauty, that pours out from an express train to feed itself in a hurry.

I seated myself and hastily swallowed the courses served me, and my lady traveler took some soup at a separate table.

I was one of the first to rise to go and smoke a cigar on the wharf. The twenty-five minutes, as usual, reduced to twenty, would soon be consumed, and the passengers were leaving the station in groups and hurrying to the cars, and I entered mine. The lady had not yet returned.

I saw her looking at the books at the little book-stall at the depot, on the other side of the track. Although her back was turned to me, I easily recognized her by her pretty figure, beaver cloak and gray hat. Her hair did not seem to me quite so dark, but it was the effect of distance, no doubt.

Everyone had entered the cars, and the conductors were noiselessly closing the doors.

"Why, she is going to remain here" I thought, "she is crazy," and I shouted: "Madam! madam! but I was too far away; she did not hear me. The engine whistled and the train was about to start. What was to be done? An idea, swift as lightning, flashed through my brain. She is going to remain there, in that horrible cold, without her baggage. She must at least have some of her small packages, poor little woman. So I made an armful of the three bags and rugs, and, flinging the whole to a brakeman standing near the car, I cried: "For that lady wonder!"

The man took the articles and went to the lady at the bookstall. At the same moment, on the opposite side of the car, near the wharf, the door opened and my lady traveler, flurried and hurried along by a cross conductor, sprang into the car and the train started. Horrors! I had made a mistake. The traveler at the bookstore was not the real one. The same cloak, hat and figure, but it was not she. It is absurd to think there are women who resemble each other like that—in their backs. Ah, I had done a fine thing.

My lady had hardly entered the car than she gave a scream.

"My bundles—some one has stolen my bundles," and for the first time she looked at me, but with what an expression in her eyes, My God! that look, do you know, I shall never forget it.

"No, madam," I said, "your bundles are not stolen. They are—they are at Tonnerre."

"At Tonnerre. What do you say?"

"I explained all to her. Ah, my friend, I will not describe the second look she darted at me, but I believe I shall remember it even longer than the first.

"I am distressed, madam, truly distressed," I added, stammering, "but my motive was good. I thought you would miss the train—that you would take cold, and I did not wish you to take cold. Indeed, you must pardon me. Have no fear about your effects. They are in safe hands—a baggage-master. You can telegraph at the next station. I will telegraph—we will telegraph—and they will be sent at once. Ah, you will have them! I promise you, even if I return to Tonnerre for them myself."

"Enough, sir!" she said to me. "I know what is for me to do," and she drew back in her corner, twisting her gloves in her anger.

"But, alas! poor little woman, She had not counted on the cold. She no longer had her nice warm rugs, and in a few moments she was shivering. In vain she drew herself together and wrapped her beaver cloak around her pretty figure; she positively shivered.

"Madam," I said, "I beg you on my knees, accept my rug. You will suffer—and it will be my fault—and I shall never console myself."

"I do not wish to talk to you, sir," she said, curtly.

I was very nervous and excited. In the first place I thought her charming; then I was furious at my ridiculous blunder; in short, I was in a mood for great resolutions.

"Madam," I said, "accept this rug or I swear to you that I will throw myself on the track." And, flinging the rug between herself and me, I raised the glass and placed my hand on the outer handle of the door.

"Was I resolved? Between ourselves, not quite, I think. But it seems I appeared so, for she immediate cried out:

"Why, you are crazy, sir; you are crazy."

"The rug—or I shall jump."

She took the rug and said, in a softer tone: "but you, sir, will die of the cold."

"Do not disturb yourself about me, madam, I am not chilly, and even if I were cold, it would be only just punishment for my unpardonable stupidity."

"Say for your too great haste, for you are right, your intention was good, but how could you take that lady for me?"

"Because she appeared to me charming." She smiled; the ice was broken; the ice of the conversation, it must be understood, for otherwise I was shivering.

But I soon forgot the cold, the journey, and everything. She was delightful, exquisite, adorable. She had a distinguished mind—refined, lively, original. She likeed to travel, like myself; she had been to Italy, like myself; to Spain, like myself; and she, like myself, dreamed of going to Egypt. In literature, music—in everything, in short—she had the same taste as mine. And then, imagine, we had numerous acquaintances in common. She was intimate with the Saint Chamas, the Lavenoys, and above all, with the Martbazons. To think that I had perhaps met her twenty times in those salons and had not observed her! Where were my eyes? Great heavens! Where were my eyes?

She spoke innocently and amiably, and with that distinguished simplicity which I like so much. She had a slight, very slight, almost imperceptible provincial accent—a warbling rather—giving her words the chirping of a bird. She said 'tete,' which is light, instead of 'tete,' which is heavy; 'chateau,' which is spiritual, instead of 'chateau,' which is stupid. It was fascinating.

But although I tried every way in the world not to show it, good heavens, how cold I was.

At Dijon (2h. 20m.) my right foot was nearly frozen. We telegraphed to Tonnerre for the bundles left behind.

At Macon (4h. 45m.) it was turn for my left foot. We received the dispatch from Tonnerre that the baggage will arrive at Marseilles the next day.

At Lyon-Perrache (5h. 48m.) my left hand becomes insensible. She forgets to ask for her sleeping compartment.

At Valence (8h. 3m.) my right hand follows the example of the left—I learn that she is a widow without children.

At Avignon (9h. 59.) my nose becomes purple. I believe I understand her that she never loved her first husband.

At Marseilles finally (2m. past midnight) I sneeze violently three times. She holds out my rug and says to me, graciously, 'Au revoir.'

Ah! her au revoir turns my head.

I spent the night at the Hotel Novilles—an agitated night, filled with her memory.

The next morning when I awoke I had the most frightful cold in my head a human being ever had.

Could I venture in this state to call on my friends, the Rombeauds? Well, I must make the best of a bad matter. A traveler must be excused for mishaps. They will take me as I am, and to-morrow the sun of Nice will cure me.

Oh, my friend! What a surprise I had! That excellent Rombeaud had invited several friends in my honor, and among them she was there—my traveler, my charmer!

When I was presented to her an imperceptible smile flitted across her lips. I bowed very low.

"Have you heard from Tonnerre?" I asked.

"I have them," she answered.

The company seated themselves at the table.

"What a cold you have!" cried the excellent Rombeaud, "Where the devil did you get it? In the cars, perhaps."

"Possibly," I answered, "but truly I do not regret it."

No one understood this answer, but I felt the kind, gentle look of my traveling companion reach me through the fragrant steam arising from a superb soup cooling on the table.

"What more can I tell you, dear friend? The next day I did not go to Nice, and I shall be married in a fortnight,"

A Vulnerable British Fort.

The harbor of Esquimault, the only British naval station on the Pacific coast of America, is one of the safest and most picturesque harbors in the world. It is about three miles in length with a depth of water upon which the largest iron-clad ships-of-war can safely float, surrounded by low wooded hills, with a narrow but deep entrance from Fuca straits. Esquimault, is, after San Francisco, the best harbor on the west coast of North America. A large naval graving-dock is well advanced toward completion at the upper end of the harbor, and a small dock yard is near the entrance. Yet, strange to say, this important naval station has never been fortified. In the absence of British war ships from the harbor there is literally nothing to prevent an ordinary steamer, armed with one rifled gun, from steaming in and destroying the dock yard buildings, the graving-dock, and the village of Esquimault.

It is a great art to keep yourself contented and happy, and it requires a great heart to make others so.

Odd Tricks.

If you want to see curious sleight-of-hand performance, you must go to India. No jugglers in this world can compare with those who practice their curious art in that far-away land.

They have neither curtains nor tables, boxes nor drawers, nor do they wear loose embroidered mantels with large sleeves, as Western wizards usually do. An Indian juggler is clothed only with a strip of muslin fastened around his body. His limbs are bare. He stands in an open courtyard, without a tree, a grass-plot or the shelter of a tent; and in the midst of a ring of spectators, all gazing at him with intense watchfulness, he calmly performs tricks which look like miracles.

For instance, he extends to you his empty hands. You see that there is nothing in them. He stoops down, picks up two or three pebbles, rubs his hands together and presently there is a shining silver rupee.

Again he shows you his bare hands, picks up the rupee, breaks it in two, or pretends to do so, and there are two coins. He breaks these again and again until he has ten or a dozen, and where the money has come from or where he had it hidden no mortal can tell.

The basket trick is a favorite and a very mysterious one. The basket is shown you empty. It is turned upside down in your sight. You know perfectly that there is nothing beneath it; but the juggler sings a little song, "Mieow! mieow!" is heard; he lifts the basket and out jumps a cat. Sometimes instead of the "miews" one hears the barking of a dog or the cooing of a dove, and one of these emerges instead of Madam Puss. More amazing still it is to see puss there by herself at any moment, and the next, on the lifting of the basket, to behold her the center of a happy family, kittens crowding by her side and a bird perched on her head. Sometimes a child is placed under the basket and the juggler dances wildly around it, thrusting long lances and knives into the bamboo until blood comes out and the spectators are horror-stricken.

But just as they are ready to interfere, a merry laugh will be heard on the edge of the circle, and there will be the little one quite unhurt; and how he escaped from the basket, or where the red fluid which looked like blood came from, is not explained.

A French traveler saw a juggler set a large top spinning on the end of a stick which he balanced on his forhead. The top then stopped revolving or went on at the word of command, just as if it had been alive. Some of the jugglers dance airily on a loosely-fastened rope, their feet bare and earthen jars on their heads. One of them was seen to walk along the rope without a misstep, although buffalo horns were tied to his feet.

I think you will agree with the general opinion that if you want to see really clever tricks you must go to India.

How to Pack a Trunk.

Books and underclothing go in first, then the dresses in trays, with parasol, bonnet-box, and small things wedged as closely as you can get them on the top. To have things go smoothly and safely, learn to pack firmly so that nothing can be shaken about. All nice dresses should go in wide, shallow boxes, or be pinned in soft paper or thin towels to prevent injury. See that all flounces and plaitings lie smooth and that waist and sleeves lie flat, folded only in their seams. It was easy to give rules for folding dresses when they were made with plain, straight skirts, and you had only to divide the skirt into four equal parts and lay it smooth; but no such thing is possible with polonaises and puffed overskirts. Fold in the seams and across the middle of puffs is all that a dressmaker can tell you. Lay things smoothly, with no turning up at the sides of the trunk. If a dress or skirt doesn't fit in, take it out and fold it smaller. If the trunk is too large to be filled snugly, make the compartments smaller by thin partitions of wood tightly wedged in. If your things only half fill the trunk, pack that half as closely as it will hold, and leave trays empty and nailed down to keep the rest in place. The moving about of lightly-packed things ruins boxes and dresses together. Finish by leaving the things you are likely to need first at the top of different compartments, so that you can lay hands on them without going to the depth of the strata. See that all buckles, straps and hinges are in order before the canvas cover is drawn on the trunk, and have a stout strap outside of all, riveted on so that it can not be stolen.

He Couldn't Make It Out.

The proprietor of a tannery having erected a building on the main street for the sale of his leather, the purchase of hides, etc., began to consider what kind of a sign would be most attractive. At last what he thought a happy idea struck him. He bored an auger hole through the door post and stuck a calf's tail into it, with the bushy end flaunting out. After awhile he noticed a grave looking person standing near the door, with spectacles on, gazing intently at the sign. So long did he gaze that finally the tanner stepped out and addressed the individual:

"Good morning!"

"Morning," replied the man, without moving his eyes from the sign.

"You want to buy leather?" "No."

"Want to sell hides?" "No."

"Are you a farmer?" "No."

"Are you a merchant?" "No."

"Lawyer?" "No."

"Doctor?" "No."

"Minister?" "No."

"What in thunder are you?"

"I'm a philosopher. I've been standing here half an hour trying to decide how that calf got through that auger-hole, and for the life of me I can't make it out."

Using an artificial gastric juice of hydrochloric acid and pepsin, Chittenden and Cummins have determined the relative digestibility of various foods to be as follows: Beef, 100; veal, 95; mutton, 92; chicken (light meat,) 87; ditto (dark meat,) 84; salmon, 92; mackerel, 86; haddock, 82; trout, 72; lobster (young,) 88; ditto (large female,) 79; ditto (large male,) 66; fresh cod, 72.

THE FASHIONS.

—Braid and elaborate galloon are in great vogue, and will continue during the coming season.

—Set border patterns are again coming into fashion. One sees them sometimes braided or embroidered, sometimes printed on woolen or other materials, occasionally combined with broad and narrow stripes, as well as floral designs.

—For traveling and seaside wear tailor-made jackets and gowns are considered indispensable. The jackets are short and well-fitting at the back, but the fronts are loose or close-fitting. They are made up of the same materials as men's suits, and many of them are elaborately braided.

—Jackets are in a great favor and are of a number of varied shapes and styles. One of the most favored is the Croizette jacket, which opens with revers upon the chest, and is fastened down to the waist under bows of velvet or ribbon. It is finished by a very wide sash, tied at the back or a little on one side. This jacket is frequently made of fancy ribbed velvet or silk of some dark color, and may be worn with any dress.

—The fashionable colors and combinations for the present season are so varied that it is almost impossible to name them. Indeed, it is very hard to choose amongst them, and the only true method of dressing becomingly is for ladies to confide themselves to a first-rate faiseuse, who studies their complexion and figure to a nicity, and combines such materials and colors as will produce the happiest effect.

—Velvet and good velveteen are much used for short jackets, and, made in dark colors, can be worn with a great variety of skirts of all kinds and materials. Jackets and mantles of the same material as the costume are also worn. As a rule, these are small and can, of course, only be worn with one costume. Mantles and visites are worn by young and old. The long redingote is very stylishly worn over lace or silk skirts.

The disposition to trim light materials with velvet is very apparent this season. Velvet is also adapted as panels to dresses made of lace, whether the latter be white, cream-colored or of the soft beige tint so much in favor this year. The fashionable woolen lace has become more attractive by the addition of a velvet pattern. This covers the thick lace knots and is sown on in fine chain or stem-stitch lines. Of course, the velvet must be of the same color as the lace itself.

—The majority of *useful* costumes are composed of light woolen materials. A striped material corresponding with them is used as trimming. Spots, both large and small, are also noticeable and figures of all kinds, but stripes predominate. The stripes are in various widths and are sometime shaded in contrast with the plain material. Stripes of velvet and plush are also pretty on the woolen ground, and look particularly well as draperies and bodices or polonaise over plain silk or shot-silk skirts.

—Another pretty toilet for a young lady is of pale blue etamine, striped with open-work bands of a pale shade of buff. A sort of open jacket-bodice is rounded off on each side into a rather deep basque at the back, and shows a full plastron, confined round the waist by a peaked belt of blue velvet, but continued beyond into a sort of limp puff all around the waist. A second drapery crosses over the skirt under the puff, and is tied high up behind, falling in two loose lapels over the back of the skirt. The skirt is quite plain over the striped etamine with a deep hem round the foot.

—Another style of jackets, called the Jane Hall, is made quite high up to the throat, with close round basque, molding the figure, but slit open at the back to give place to the tournure. It is made either of French moire or of brocaded silk. A lace plastron is sometimes added in front. In some cases this style of jacket-bodice is completed at the back by one loose width of the same material falling over the skirt. This skirt should be of plain silk or fancy woolen material, either gathered or pleated, and falling over a fluting or quilled flounce, which shows beyond. This makes a handsome toilet for receptions or fetes at fashionable casinos.

—The plain dress is still in fashion but mostly for young girls or the neglige toilet for young married ladies. It is made with a round waisted bodice either plain or more frequently gauged top and bottom, and with a round skirt simply gathered on to a plain waistband which should be put on over the bodice, so as to avoid any space being left between skirt and bodice. A plain belt or a wide sash is worn round the waist, the former with a clasp or buckle in front, the latter tied in a full bow with long loops and ends at the back or side. This is the more dressy style of the two. These wide sashes are very frequently of French moire; they are also made of ribbed Ottoman silk, or of thick Celle. Black velvet sashes are also fashionable and elegant to wear with any dresses. Draperies are not, however, entirely given up. Some of the prettiest toilets exhibited this month by our best couturieres are draped, but in a loose, simple style, very different from the mass of heaped-up chiffonage so much in vogue a short time ago.

Hats On.

In the British House of Commons all the members keep their hats on, and it is even irregular to address the Speaker uncovered. This rule gave rise to an amusing scene the other night. Mr. Courtney attempted to address the Chair on a point of order. To do so in accordance with the rules, it was necessary that he should speak seated and covered, but at the critical moment he was unable to find his hat, and on addressing the Speaker uncovered was met with laughter and loud cries of "Order!" Mr. Courtney then borrowed a hat from a member sitting near and stated his point.

HORSE NOTES.

—Phillis is for sale at $15,000.

—Dunbar is now handling Clemmie G. and Nobby in place of Jack Splan.

—Maud S. will probably try to lower her record at Narragansett Park next week.

—A two days running meeting was held at Callao, Peru, on July 29 and 30, the first on record in South America.

—Hampden Park, Springfield, Mass., allows no swindling wheel, although as high as $3000 has been offered for the privilege.

—The stallion Shawmut, by Cornig's Harry Clay, was driven to a record of 2.26 by John Murphy at New York recently.

—It is thought that the Hampden Park track, at Springfield, Mass., will be faster next year than this. Frost is expected to have a good effect on the track.

—A. Newbourger, of New York city, has brought from the estate of Daniel Mace the black stallion Adonis, by Ethan Allen, dam the running mare Charlotte F.

It took a stimulant, Harry Wilkes' light sulky and Frank Van Ness driver to land Joe Davis a winner of the big race at Hartford. These improvements were made in the last heat.

—Eole and Blue Grass have been entered for the English Cesarewitch, but not for the Cambridgeshire. Blue Grass has also been entered for the Great Yorkshire Handicap, to be run at Doncaster on September 15.

—The Coney Island Jockey Club has secured the services of Frank T. Clarke the present Superintendent of Jerome Park, and dismounting judge at Monmouth Park, as the official starter for its fall meeting.

—De Barry was lightly lame so was not started in the $10,000 race at Hartford. He would probably have been tired out in scoring. It took eighteen trials to get the field off together in the first two heats—eight in the first and ten in the second.

Hon. Charles Stanford, proprietor of Locust Grove Farm, Schenectady, died suddenly at his home on Monday morning, August 24. He was the brother of Senator Leland Stanford, of California, and was well known at the trotting horse breeder's meeting.

—At the close of the Hartford meeting the trotting mare Roxy M. was sold at public auction to Mr. H. White, of Boston, for $1400.

—Pierre Lorillard has cabled to England for a jockey. Both Fred Archer and Tom Cannon, having at different times shared Mr. Lorillard's confidence have been induced to use their influence in inducing some good jockey to make the autumn campaign in the States in Mr. L's cherry jacket. Olney is a very capable lad, but he is growing so fast that in reducing weight he so weakens himself that he is unable to finish, and it is impossible for him to do justice at low weights.

—There is some prospect of Freeland and Miss Woodford again coming together. On Tuesday Mr. Corrigan telegraphed from Saratoga to the Dwyer Brothers, offering to match Freeland against Miss Woodford, $5000 or $10,000 a side, anywhere from three-quarters of a mile to one mile and three-quarters, as the challenged party might select, the race to come off at Chicago, St. Louis or Louisville. An answer came which was to this effect: The brothers were not willing to go West with the Queen, but they were willing and anxious to match her against Freeland for $10,000 a side the race to come off at Sheepshead Bay, Baltimore or Washington.

—Isaac B. Murphy, who piloted Freeland to victory at Monmouth Park on August 18th, is the leading jockey of the Corrigan stable, and is known far and wide as the "Colored Archer" and premier jockey of America. He is considered the best rider on the turf, and is noted for his excellent judgment and sagacity in calculating a race, his estimate of pace being something wonderful. He is very fond of close and exciting finishes, and for that very reason is a prime favorite with the grand stand, who enjoy the great struggles of the home stretch. He is a bright mulatto, 23 years of age, and was born at Lexington, Ky. He first commenced to ride in 1874, and since that time has had more winning mounts than any other jockey in the land, and has been astride of nearly every famous horse that has been on the American turf, including Glidalia, Bendor, Falsetto, Checkmate, Pearl Jennings, Modesty, Lizzie Dwyer, Freeland and a host of others. He landed Buchanan, Modesty, and Volante winners of the Illinois Derby, Audrain for the Hindoo stakes, and Freeland in his last two victories over Miss Woodford, which are the most important ones ever run in the states. It is estimated that the aggregate of his winnings of stakes and purses amounts to nearly a million dollars. He is modest and unassuming and a great favorite with everyone whom he meets. His weight is 113 pounds, but if necessary he can reduce down to 110. He is a married man, and has a lovely home near Lexington, Ky., where he spends his winters.

Sheep and Rattlesnakes.

A Connecticut farmer tells how sheep kill rattlesnakes in his section by surrounding the reptiles and breathing upon them until they are stupefied, after which they trample them to death. The California hog has a more expeditious way of dealing with the rattler. He steps right in and begins to eat the snake tail first, and the more the snake bites him the better he seems to like it. When a hog is fat the poison of a rattlesnake has no effect on him, but a lean porker will occasionally succumb to the terrible venom.

In the last volume issued by the Geological Survey is an account of a fiery eruption from one of the mud volcanoes on Cheduba Island. A body of flame 600 feet in circumference is said to have at one time reached an elevation of 2,400 feet, petroleum being the cause.

THE CENTRE REPORTER

CENTRE HALL, 16 PA., SEPT., 1885.

TERMS.—$2 per year in advance. $2.50 when not in advance. Advertisements 20 cents per line for three insertions. One colum per year $90—½ colum $45.

☞Hereafter all subscribers paying their subscription in advance, will get a credit of two months additional as a premium on $2 in advance.

5:30 A. M. **9:00 P. M.**

GARMANS!

OUR STORE IS OPEN TO MEET ALL TRAINS FROM 5:50 A. M. TO 9:00 P. M.

OUR PRICES ARE

Positively the Lowest

CONSISTENT WITH

Strictly First-Class Goods.

FANS AND PARASOLS

—AT A GREAT REDUCTION.—

Summer Underwear

IN ALL SIZES.

☞Don't Fail to Give Us a Call When in Town.

D. GARMAN & SON.

Bush Arcade, - - Bellefonte.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Sateen calicoes—Garmans.

Sateen in fall shades—Garmans.

All the new shades in silk floss—Garmans.

——Prof. J. P. Auman gave our sanctum a call.

Ask your grocer for ORIENTAL, full roller process flour.

All the shades in Saxony yarns and zephyrs—Garmans.

The cheapest cotton flannels you ever heard of—Garmans.

Fall styles of hats and caps just received at the Bee Hive.

——Go to Murrays and have Christ draw a glass of cool soda.

——President Roberts won't fence nor be fenced—that's the pint.

——Mr. C. Dinges has opened an insurance agency in this place.

——John C. Smull has been appointed post-master at Rebersburg.

——Passengers and freight trafic are still increasing on our railroad.

——Mr. J. C. Shirk, of Potters Mills, favored our sanctum with a brief call.

——Mr. Shannon Boal has the thanks of ye editor for a lot of delicious pears.

——Two strays advertised by Peter Hoffer found owners thro' the "Reporter."

Cash will be paid for red wheat, rye oats and corn, at the roller mill, Centre Hall. tf

——James Durstine on the John Hoffer farm near Centre Hall, lost a fine calf the other day by bloating.

——Mr. Scott, the affable agent of Ivison, Blakeman & Co., book publishers, gave the "Reporter" a call.

——Jake Harpster still sticks to his stick, and to his room from *room*atism. Hope he'll get over it again.

——A rumer came to us of another new store at the station—but who is the luckey fellow now? that's the rub.

——The Reformed parsonage is fast assuming shape and will cut no mean figure in the improvements of our town.

——Sale of the personal property of Wm. Harter, dec'd, late of Aaronsburg, will be found advertised in "Reporter."

——There is still some plowing to do with many farmers for seeding. Frequent rains have interfered with the fall work.

——Rev. Wm. M'Cool has become a citizen of Spring Mills, temporarily. He had resided at Turbotville for a number of years.

——Spring Mills still keeps adding new houses and shows no signs of going down or standing still as some had predicted.

——Merchant tailoring at the Philadelphia Branch, and satisfaction guaranteed. An experienced head oversees this department. tf

——We are told the Bellefonte baseballers think of giving the Centre Hallers a hitch and show 'em how to play. We second the motion.

——The railroad will lower the cash box of the pike company between here and Bellefonte considerably and make the road a lonesome one.

——Jasper Wolfe, of near Rebersburg, gave the "Reporter" a call. He reports an abundance of apples and potatoes in Brush Valley and farmers done seeding.

——D. A. Boozer is selling off his stock of whips at cost. He also has a fine lot of home-made harness which he offers at bottom prices. Call and see him.

——C. T. Alexander held his 49th birthday on Tuesday last. A lot of naughty fellows surprised him with a silk hat for allowing himself to get up the ladder so high.

——Merchant tailoring in all its branches done at the Philad. Branch. A tailor of long experience superintends all work, and utmost satisfaction guaranteed. tf.

——Mr. David Keller, of Harris, and his nephew, a son of Henry Keller, deceased, who has a clerkship in one of the departments at Washington, gave the "Reporter" a call.

——Howard Smith, a carpenter, who lives near Union Church, was seriously injured on Monday, at Moyer's sawmill, 2½ miles east of here. He was assisting in the erection of a house, when a plank fell and struck him on the head knocking him senseless. Dr. Alexander was called at once and rendered medical aid.

——Thomas Yearick has been appointed post-master at Aaronsburg. A good appointment, and central location.

——There were about a dozen darkies, big and little, at the Coburn Campmeeting for colored folks. Of course there were lots of white folk stoo.

——D. A. Boozer has the finest and best assortment of harness, collars, bridles, and everything belonging to his line of business, in the county. Call and see.

——One day last week Mr. Thomas Cornelius, of West Buffalo, was on his way to Cowan, and came upon a den of copper-head snakes of which he killed 72.—Lewisburg News.

——Our stock of fall and winter woolens is now in, and on all orders for the next 30 days, we will allow a discount of 10 per cent. GOLDSMITH BROS.,
Merchant Tailors, Bellefonte, Pa.

——Mr. Kinter, railroad agent, thinks of going to Riverside opposite Danville in a short time. All regret to have Mr. Kinter leave, as no more obliging gentleman can be found.

——Sup't Wolf is busy holding examinations and we are pleased to note that he has raised the standard of teaching and lays down requirements that will advance our schools.

——The early morning and the night train make the trip between Bellefonte and Spring Mills in one hour. The day trains (mixed) take about 2½ hours between same points.

——Chas. R. Kurtz has left for college, and will be missed by the base-ball club, as well as in the local department of the REPORTER in which he has been a valuable assistant during vacation.

——Bishop L. Wallace, of Clearfield, assistant cashier of the Clearfield County Bank, died at the residence of his father, Hon. W. A. Wallace, on Monday morning, from injuries received in a fall on Friday morning last.

——Our venerable friend, Col. Henry Royer, of near Rebersburg, gave us a shake of his hand on Tuesday. The colonel will be 90 years old in a few months—being the oldest citizen in Miles twp. He is still well preserved in body and mental faculties.

——A Boston statistician says that $1 will buy as much of the necessaries of life to-day as $1.50 in 1875, $1.35 in 1855, 91 cents in 1854, and $1.19 in 1825. In other words, the purchasing power of $1 is nineteen per cent. greater than in most previous periods in the history of the nation.

——To have Centre Hall a boro' may cause a grunt from the hogs and a remark of approval from all who have been annoyed by the critters-at-large. The festive cow will have to keep clear of our boro' lines too, or find a lodgement in the lock-up under the guardian care of the high-constable that is to be.

——The management of our railroad goes to Sup't Westfall, of the P. & E. division. This will suit the people along the line, between Bellefonte and Montandon, right well. We are informed that a new schedule for trains will begin the first of next month, and that Mr. Westfall intends running two trains thro' from Bellefonte to Montandon.

——Chas. R. Kurtz has left for college, and will be missed by the base-ball club, as well as in the local department of the REPORTER in which he has been a valuable assistant during vacation.

——Mr. A. S. Kerlin has purchased two of the Hoffer lots at the southern end of town, and will at once proceed to erect a house. Mr. Kerlin thinks of becoming a citizen of Centre Hall, and will be a valuable addition to our place, being an experienced business man, and one of the cleverest fellows you can meet. What new enterprise he may start here we may tell of later.

——Cattle thieves made a raid on four head of stock belonging to county commissioner John Wolf, who had some of his horn cattle summering in the Little Sugar Valley mountains. The fellows drove the cattle to Lock Haven and offered them for sale at such a low figure that suspicion was created and the stock could not be sold, and Mr. Wolf recovered his property again.

——Mr. Charles Derstine, artist and photographer, in company with Mr. Jno. Chesnutt, of Lewistown, spent a week with the former's parents and friends hereabouts. Charley has got up to the top-ladder in his profession and does first class work. Samples of his skill as an artist can be seen at our office, being pictures of some of the most charming nooks in our mountains.

——We are informed that the State College has a larger number of new students than at any previous period. This proves the satisfactory management of the institution under Prof. Atherton, and that misrepresentation falls still born. When wisely managed it should be sustained by the people of our county, as it is the only state institution within our borders, and brings large sums of money here which would be spent elsewhere.

——The incorporation of Centre Hall as a borough divides Potter township into three voting districts, viz: South precinct, North precinct and Centre Hall borough. The borough limits are about as follows: The north boundary takes in George Flory on the mountain and the southern to near the buildings on the Wilson heirs' farms beyond the station—making the length from north to south about 1¼ miles. West to Fauber's and east to Arney's lanes, about ¾ mile.

——Harry Jacobs, of Spruce Creek, was shot in the leg, between the knee and hip, on Tuesday, 1st, by a young man whose name we have been unable to ascertain. Rumor has it that the young men had a dispute, that Jacobs let fly his right and knocked his opponent down, and that while in that position he pulled his revolver and inflicted the wound as stated. The ball was extracted by Dr. Thompson, and the young man is moving about with the aid of a crutch.

——Rev. Millet, some years ago pastor of the Reformed charge of Jacksonville, was drowned in the river at M'Ewansville, one day last week. He, with a companion, went out into the river in a boat to fish, when the vessel began to sink. Rev. Millet was a good swimmer, but having a pair of gum boots on, these filled with water, and caused him to sink. His companion saved himself by swimming. Rev. Millet was well known to many of the readers of the REPORTER, and was highly esteemed.

——Argument court was held at Bellefonte last week. Among the business transacted was the incorporation of Centre Hall as a borough upon petition made over two years ago. Also, the appointment of viewers on suit for damages by Daniel Fleisher against the Centre Hall Water company for laying a 2½ inch pipe through his lots along the western edge of same near the turnpike. The other lot owners consider the passage of a pipe line as adding to the value of their lots while Mr. Fleisher views it differently and has applied to the court as above.

——BREVITIES.—The weather has been very warm the last few days. Potatoes are very plenty and selling at 25 and 30 cents per bushel. Mr. Grenoble has leased his Centre Hall grain house to Mr. Mingle. The Lewisburg Evangelical Sabbath School will have a pic-nic at Centre Hall on Thursday. The boro' business has caused deep growls from some because it went on thesly. Howard Homan has commenced digging cellar for a new house. Squirrels are not very plenty. The corn crop is safe and will be large.

MILLHEIM.

A goodly number of our town folks were down to Coburn campmeeting on Sunday.

A horse tramped on Mrs. B. F. Miller as she was coming home from campmeeting on Sunday.

The A. M. E. Campmeeting is progressing finely.

Morgan Harter, infant son of A. Harter, and Blanche, daughter of Rev. Raver, were thrown from a buggy on Monday, both being badly injured.

SHIDELGOVEL.

FROM THE LOOP.

From our Loop correspondent we cull the following: Apples will be plenty. Much seeding to do; fields already sown show the new grain. Butcher Boal retails beef at 4 to 10 cents per lb. from his wagon. Father Wagner is still confined to his room and has lost his eye sight—he is one of the oldest of our citizens. Good things are being prepared for the Granger pic-nic and many going. Corn crop will be good. *

AARONSBURG'S CENTENNIAL.

A correspondent from Aaronsburg writes: Our people are waking up to the idea of celebrating Aaronsburg's centennial next year, and with timely preparation for ths event it can be made one of the grandest affairs ever had in this section. It will be of interest to people all over the county, because you find people in every locality who have gone out from here, or whose parents are connected in some way with the early days of Aaronsburg. Let us have a basket pic nic on our wide street, with its green carpeted lawn beneath its shaded trees, with free tables for such as come a long distance, and give all the brass bands an invitation to attend. A ringing of the church bells might open the day. It is not too early to talk the Centennial over now and suggest ideas, hence I give you my notions.

DEDICATION AT REBERSBURG.

The Lord willing the Evangelical church at Rebersburg will be dedicated to the service of the triune God, Sept. 27. Rev. E. Kohr, of Lewisburg, and Rev. G. W. Currin, of Centre Hall, will officiate. Ministers and friends of the cause are invited to attend. P. C. WEIDMEYER.

——ESTRAY, since about August 26, a large red and brindle cow, 7 or 8 years old, right horn broken and slipped, will be fresh soon. A liberal reward will be paid for her recovery. S. W. BARKFOOT,
16sep3t Centre Hall.

——After Sept. 1 our stock of zephyrs, yarns, embroidery and knitting silks, and everything pertaining to the line of fancy work, will be complete and kept up as it formerly was at our old stand before the fire. GOLDSMITH BROS.

——The squirrel season has come and we hear a great deal of cracking around in the woods. From reports and the size of several game bags seen we are inclined to think they are scarce this year. Suppose Jake Harpster shot them all last year.

——When going to Bellefonte, from Penns Valley, by train or otherwise, do not forget to give Mingle's shoe store a call, in the Brockerhoff house block, where you will find the largest and finest assortment of boots and shoes in this county and at first class bargains, witn a warrant that all goods are as represented, or money refunded.

——Once upon a time a certain man got mad with the editor and stopped his paper. The next week he sold his corn at four cents below the market price. Then his property was sold for taxes, because he didn't read the sheriff's sale. He was arrested and fined $5 for going hunting on Sunday, simply because he didn't know it was Sunday, and then paid $3 for a lot of forged notes that had been advertised two weeks and the public cautioned not to negotiate for them. He then paid a big Irishman, with a foot like a forge hammer, to kick him all the way to the newspaper office, where he paid four years' subscription in advance, and had the editor sign an agreement to knock him down and rob him if he ever ordered his paper stopped again. Such a life without a newspaper.—Ex.

——In August, 1878, A. G. Wood & Co commenced the manufacture, in Philadelphia, of the now well known Philadelphia Singer Sewing machines. At first they only made ten machines a week. Their business has steadily increased, until now they are probably the largest manufacturers of this style of machine in the United States. They do business on a liberal and just basis. They sell a three-drawer, drop leaf and cover machine for the low price of twenty dollars, including all extra attachments, and warrant them for three years. They offer to send one to any responsible man or woman, to be tested in their own house two weeks before they pay one cent. This is certainly a fair proposition. They have found this way of doing business more satisfactory than to do as other companies do who charge forty or fifty dollars for machines, and pay agents twenty dollars a piece to sell them. We advise all in want of a machine to send for circular and testimonials. Adress C. A. Wood & Co., 17 North Tenth Street, Philadelphia, Pa. 16sep2t

A TRAIN WRECKS A DEPOT.

Huntingdon, Pa., Sept. 11.—The western half of the Union Depot was completely destroyed this morning. By the carelessness of a train hand the switch west of the depot, where the trains for Broad Top run out upon the track of the East Pennsylvania road, was left closed, and the engineer of a coal train not noticing it his train run at full speed over the switch and into the depot. The engineer and fireman escaped by jumping. Trains were delayed for several hours. The loss will probably reach $15,000.

Write for testimonials concerning the wonderful cures of Keller's Catarrh Remedy. It is the greatest remedy of the age for catarrh, malaria, scrofula, skin diseases, rheumatism. A trial is all that is asked for it.

IN TIME OF PEACE PREPARE FOR PEACE.

Changes of climate, diet and water, oftimes atmospheric changes alone, will subject some member of the family to cholera morbus, dysentery, etc., when that wail of misery in the "wee sma' hours of the night" announce the fact, and you are sent from your comfortable bed across lots or down back alleys for a doctor, 'twould be a good time to reflect that had you only secured a bottle of Curtis' Carmelite Cordial in time, you could with a few drops have headed off the attack, and saved a doctor's bill, and secured a peaceful night's rest. Dissatisfied purchasers can have their money refunded.

JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & Co.,
Philadelphia Agents.

For habitual constipation, biliousness, sick headache, torpidity of the liver, congestion of the kidneys, malaria and all complications arising from a degenerated condition of the bowels, liver or kidneys, McDonald's Improved Liver Pills can be depended upon for certain and permanent relief; as a dinner pill, gentle cathartic and safe aperient, they are without an equal. Money refunded to dissatisfied purchasers.

JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & Co,
Philadelphia Agents.

It is well for those who are planting fruit trees to read with care the following: An important decision, of interest to all who reside in cities, towns or villages, was made in the Lebanon county courts some time since by Judge Henderson. A man was indicted for assault and battery on a neighbor because he claimed the fruit on the limbs of the tree overspreading the prosecutor's lot. Judge Hunderson said that the owner of the land is the owner of it from his line upward as far as he desires to make claim of it. This being the law the prosecutor had the right to the fruit on the branches extending over his lot. He might even have sawed them off. This decision is important at this particular time, and is generally misunderstood by the people.

ATTENTION, RAILROAD MEN!

I suffered for more than a year with with indigestion. I was very bilious, occasionally having a dumb chill, followed by fevers, which prostrated me. I took Simmons Liver Regulator, and am a well man. A. H. HIGHTOWER,
Conductor C. R. R., Ga

How young old people look who have never been sick, and who never worry and fret. How old young people look who fret and stew and suffer pain—all at once. But we can't altogether help our disposition, and we will sometimes get out of sorts in spite of all caution. Then we need the best, the simplest and safest medicine known, which is Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. Purifies the blood and renews vitality in old and young. sp

THE OLEOMARGARINE CASE.

Harrisburg, Sept. 13.—The oleomargarine test case closed yesterday, with Lyman D. Gilbert's argument. He contended that the oleomargarine bill was an unwarranted exercise of the police power by the Legislature, and quoted numerous authorities in support of his position. Mr. Gilbert also maintained that the act was unconstitutional because it deprived the manufacturer of his property and business without providing for compensation. Judge Simonton reserved his opinion. Mr. Powell, the defendant, was released on bail, pending the settlement of the matter.

"I never patronize Patent Medicines. Don't you? Why not? You patronize "patent" articles of a hundred varieties—why not patent medicines? "Because they are often worthless." True, but not always. Frequently they are the very best in the world, representing the widest experience. At least we know that Dr. Kennedy's Remedy is one of these, and for all troubles of the blood, liver and urinary organs it stands on its merits, and not on advertising. sep

THE CATTLEMEN LEAVING.

Little Rock, Ark., Sept. 13.—The cattlemen are rapidly removing their stock from the Crow Reservation in accordance with the order of the Indian Agent, Armstrong. Several owners of herds were slow to obey, but Armstrong informed them that he would call on the President and have them forcibly ejected by the troops, and the exodus became general. Several thousand head of cattle have been driven out, and by the 15th it is believed the reservation will be cleared.

Who has not heard or been the recipient of benefits derived from using N. H. Downs' Elixir, a never failing remedy for all diseases of throat, chest and lungs. None are too poor to get cured of all bilious diseases by the use of Dr. Baxter's Mandrake Bitters, as they only cost 35 cents a bottle. As a liniment for horses, Henry & Johnson's Arnica and Oil Liniment cures sprains, bruises and lameness at once. Sold at Murray's, Centre Hall. sep

GERMAN ARCTIC EXPLORATIONS.

Germany is fitting out four expeditions for arctic explorations, and recently sent a to note the British Admiralty asking for any advice on the subject which it was willing to give. The Admiralty replied full in a candid and generous spirit, and this communication has been acknowledged by Germany with the greatest courtesy.

A smooth complexion can be had by every lady who will use Parker's Tonic. For promptly regulating the liver and kidneys and purifying the blood, there is nothing like it, and this is the reason why it so quickly removes pimples and gives a rosy bloom to the cheeks. sep

BUT 428 DEATHS FROM CHOLERA IN SPAIN.

Madrid, Sept. 13.—Throughout Spain to-day 1,404 new cases of cholera and 428 deaths have been reported.

Rome, Sept. 13.—At Palermo to-day there were ten new cases of cholera and four deaths, and at Parma twenty-two new cases and twelve deaths.

An old intimate friend of mine is Parker's Hair Balsam. I have used it five years, and could not do without it. It has stopped my hair from falling, restored its natural black color and wholly cleansed it from dandruff.—Miss Pecal Anderson St. Louis, Mo. sep

THE PENNSY CURTAILING EXPENSES.

Philadelphia, Sept. 13.—The curtailment of expenses recently ordered by the executive officers of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company applies not only to the operatives along the main line and branches, but the various shops of the company. Last week notices were posted in most of the company's shops to this effect, and the order is to be made general. The reduction consists in the cutting off of one hour a day from each workman and the suspension of work on Saturdays, making the total loss of time to each man fourteen hours per week.

BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents a box. For sale by J. Zeller & Son, Bellefonte, druggists. jan7y

FIVE GENERATIONS IN ONE ROOM.

Louisville, Ky., Sept. 11.—Fifty years ago Ellen Johnson, a colored woman, was separated from her mother, who was sold and sent to New Orleans. The mother arrived here hale and hearty this morning. She is now one hundred and twelve years old and the daughter sixty. Living in the house with Mrs. Ella Johnson are her great-grandchildren, this makes them the great-great-grandchildren of Mrs. Johnson's mother. Strange as it may seem, this morning the great-great-grandmother, the great grandmother, the grandmother, mother and children were all assembled in the same room.

Try Ayer's Pills and be cured. Misery is a mild word to describe the mischief to body and mind caused by habitual constipation. The regular use of Ayer's Cathartic Pills, in mild doses, will restore the torpid viscera to healthy action.

Philip Billmeyer died at his home in Lewisburg, Saturday, Sept. 5, at about 11 o'clock in the forenoon. He was born in Liberty township, Montour (then Columbia) county, Pennsylvania, on the 10th day of October, 1814, and thus had nearly completed his seventy-first year.

On last Thursday morning, Mr. James Halfpenny, who resided with his brother, Mark Halfpenny, Esq., departed this life. He had been failing for several years past, his sickness being principally old age. He was born in Feb., 1798, and was consequently in his 88th year.—Lewisburg Journal, 9th.

M. L. Blair, Alderman 5th Ward, Scranton, Pa., stated Nov. 9, '83: He used Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil for burns, sprains, cuts, bruises and rheumatism. Cured every time.

Williamsport, Sept. 7.—Abram Newman, a prominent clothing merchant, hung himself in his store this morning. A piece of stiff brown paper was found on the counter, on which were some words in Hebrew addressed to his son Isadore, in which he says: "What I do is all your mother's fault."

Bad drainage causes much sickness, and bad blood and improper action of the liver and kidneys is bad drainage to the human system, which Burdock Blood Bitters remedy.

Sheriff McAlevy, of Huntingdon county, offered Blain Brothers' car works for sale again on Friday, but the property was not sold, as only $24,000 was bid. The works are estimated at $100,000. They will again be offered for sale by the Sheriff on Friday next.

"Blood-food" is the suggestive name often given to Ayer's Sarsaparilla, because of its blood-enriching qualities.

Five thousand men employed in the gun factory of Sir Will Armstrong, at Elswick, have gone on a strike, because their employers refused to dismiss two of the managers who had become connoxious to the men.

When symptoms of malaria appear in any form, take Ayer's Ague Cure at once, to prevent the development of the disease, and continue until health is restored, as it surely will be by the use of this remedy. A cure is warranted in every instance.

MARRIED.

On Aug. 25, by Rev. P. Aumand, at the home of the bride, J. F. Gerthoff, of Zion, and Miss Maggie Walker, of Rebersburg.

On Sept. 14, by M. L. Rishel, J. P., at Farmers Mills, Samuel R. Leister, of Middleburg, Pa., and Miss Lydia Lingle, of Potters Mills.

On Aug. 9, by Rev. S. M. Creveling, at the residence of the bride, Ellis Horner, of Pleasant Gap, and Miss Etta Worrell, of Milroy.

On Sept. 8, at the home of the bride, by Rev. Thos. S. Land, Wm. A. McClellan, of Tusseyville, and Miss Kate M. Runkle, of Spring Mills.

ORPHAN'S COURT SALE.—By virtue of an order issued by the Orphan's Court of Centre County, the subscriber, administrator of the estate of Thomas Wolfe, late of Miles twp., Centre county, Pa., deceased, will offer at public sale, on the premises, at Wolfe's store, on Saturday, OCTOBER, 24, 1885, the following described real estate, viz:

No. 1 All those several tracts or pieces of land, situate in Miles twp., Centre county, Pa., bounded and described as follows: One thereof bounded on the east by lands of Henry Wolf, Emanuel Geiswitte, and others, on the south by Daniel Weaver, on the west by Reuben Kreamer and others, and on the north by David Wolfe, containing 25 acres more less, thereon erected two Dwelling Houses, Store Building, Ware House, Large Bank Barn, stables and other outbuildings.

No. 2 All the right, title and interest in and to all that certain tract of land, situate in Miles twp., aforesaid, adjoining lands of Benjamin Beck, George Weaver, Moyer and Strohecker and Henry Cornan, containing 29 Acres and 107 perches.

No. 3 All that certain tract of land situate in Miles twp., aforesaid, adjoining lands of the late Jacob Wolf and John Scholl, containing 19 Acres and 5 perches and allowance.

No. 4 All the right, title and interest in that certain tract of land, situate in Miles twp., aforesaid, bounded by lands of George Brungard, Michael Bower, ——— DeLong and Martin Rudy, containing 136 Acres, more or less.

Terms—One-third of purchase money on confirmation of sale, ⅓ in one year and the balance in one year thereafter. Deferred payments to bear interest from confirmation of sale, and to be secured by bond and mortgage on the premises.

Sale to begin at 2 p. m. J. B. WOLFE,
Administrator.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration upon the estate of William Harter, late of Haines twp., dec'd, having been duly granted to the undersigned, would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the estate to make immediate payment and those having claims against the same to present the same duly authenticated for settlement. JONATHAN HARTER,
16sep6t Adm'r, Millheim, Pa.

GROCERIES. GROCERIES

First-Class Groceries

ALWAYS FRESH AND

—CHEAPER THAN ELSEWHERE—

IN THE VALLEY, AT

A. HARTER'S STAND,

MILLHEIM, PA.

STOCK FULL AND COMPLETE.

Also Dealer in

NO. 1 FULL ROLLER PROCESS FLOUR.

Also Keeps the Celebrated

....ORIENTAL ROLLER FLOUR....

sept2 tf

PUBLIC SALE.—At the late residence of Wm. Harter, in Aaronsburg, Pa., on Thursday, October 8, the following personal property to wit: One good family horse, 5 hogs, 1 breed sow, 1 heifer, 2 cows, buggy, truck wagon, truck sled, 2 sets harnes, horse gears, several hundred bushels of new corn, 5 tons of timothy hay, potatoes by the bushel. Household goods, 2 parlor stoves, 2 cooking stoves, coal stoves, stove pipe, 2 dozen chairs, rocking chairs, tables, large corner clock, mantle clock, 4 bedsteads and beddi g, sewing machine, carpets, sinks, tubs, meat vessels, barrels, iron kettle, chopper machine, sausage stuffer, crocks, dishes, chests, and many other articles. Sale to commence at one o'clock p. m when terms will be made known.
JONATHAN HARTER, Adm'r.

AGENTS WANTED

To canvass for one of the oldest established and largest NURSERIES in the U. S. Established 1846. Business easily learned. For terms address W. & T. SMITH,
9sept4 ow] Geneva Nursery, Geneva, N. Y.

FARM AT PUBLIC SALE.—Will be sold at public sale, in Potter twp., ½ mile east of Centre Hill, on Wednesday, SEPT. 23, 1885, A FINE FARM, known as the Barnet Wagner farm, containing 300 ACRES, more or less, thereon erected a 1½ story log dwelling house, bank barn and all necessary outbuildings, and a tenant house. A never failing spring of water near the house and Sinking creek flows through the farm. Good orchard with choice fruit on the place. About 100 acres are timberland with all kinds of timber. The arm is within one mile of the L. & T. Railroad. A bank of iron ore is on the farm, which has been opened and operated. Farm will be sold as a whole or in two or three parts as may suit parties interested. Sale at 1 p. m. when terms will be made known. MICHAEL STROHM,
JOHN WAGNER, Executors.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—In the Orphans Court of Centre County, estate of Mary Dunkle, dec'd.—The undersigned an auditor appointed by said court to make distribution of the funds in the hands of accountant in said account, to and among those entitled to the same, will meet the parties interested at his office, Friday, Sept. 25, '85, at 10 a. m., when and where those who desire may attend. J. C. MEYER,
Auditor.

MARKETS.

Reported by EVANS BROS., Produce Commission Merchants, No. 56 North Water St., Philad.

Butter, Eggs, Poultry, Cheese and all kinds of Country produce. Quick sales, good prices and quick returns.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 14, 1885.

BUTTER.			
Creamery, Penn'a, extra			23
" Western "		21	22
EGGS.			
Penn'a, Del and Md., per doz	crates	17	19
" " "	bbls		17
Western, ex brands	" crates		17
LIVE POULTRY.			
Fowls, straight, nearby	per lb	11	12
" mixed "	"	10	11
" Western, straight	"		12
" " mixed	"	11	12
Chickens, Spring	"	11	13
Roosters	"	6	8
Ducks, Spring	"	11	10
LIVE CALVES AND SHEEP.			
Calves, Del & Md, prime	per lb		7
" Fair to good	"	5	5¾
" Common stock	"	3	4
Sheep, prime	"		5½
Lambs, extra	"		6
Live Cattle	"	5	6
Hogs, live	"	5¾	6
Pigs, live	"	4	5
FRUITS AND VEGETABLES.			
Cabbage	per basket		38
"	per 100	2 50	7 00
Apples, new	per bbl	$1 75	$2 00
Peaches, extra	peck crate	1 25	1 50
" fair	"	25	50
" fancy	per basket	90	1 25
New Potatoes, choice	per bbl	1 75	2 00
" fair	"		1 50
" culls	"		75
Sweet Potatoes	per basket	45	40
"	per bbl	2 00	2 50
" Jersey, extra	"	2 00	2 50
" Md	"	2 75	2 00
Watermelons, extra	per 100	10 00	12 00
" prime	"	6 00	8 00
HAY AND STRAW.			
Timothy, choice	per ton$		$17 00
" fair	"	14 00	16 00
Cut Hay	"		22 00
Rye Straw	"	16 00	17 00
Wheat Straw	"		10 00
Oat Straw	"	9 00	10 00
SEEDS.			
Timothy	per bu	1 90	2 00
Clover	per lb	9¾	10
Flax	per bu		1 40
CHEESE.			
N Y Factory, choice			8¾
Ohio, fat, fine			8
DRIED FRUIT.			
Pitted Cherries	per lb	10	11
Raspberries	"	17	19
Blackberries	"	6¾	7¾
WOOL.			
Tub-Washed	per lb	28	30
Unwashed	"	18	20
FEATHERS.			
Choice Geese	per lb	48	50
Prime "	"	45	46
Chicken	"	4	5
HIDES.			
Hides, Dry	per lb	10	11
Calf, Salted	"	12	13
Hides, Green, Steer	"	5½	6
" " Cow	"	5	5½
" " Bull	"	4	4½
" Salted Steer	"	8½	9
" " Cow	"		9
Sheep Skins, per piece		25	75
MISCELLANEOUS.			
Lard, Country lots, prime	per lb	7¾	8
Tallow, Solid	"		5¾
" Cake	"		5¾
Honey in Comb	"	10	11
Country Soap	"	5¾	6

☞Price Current Subject to Market Fluctuations.

SPRING MILLS MARKET

Wheat—Red	85
White & Mixed	80
Rye	55
Corn, 45 shelled, and ears old	50
Oats	30
Buckwheat	50
Barley	40
Cloverseed large	5 00
Cloverseed small	6 00
Timothy seed	2 00
Plaster, ground per ton	9 00
Flour, per barrel	5 00
Roller Flour, per barrel	6 50

Butter 15 tallow, 6; lard, 8; ham, 12; shoulde 8; bacon or side, 8; eggs per dozen, 12 cents.

Corrected weekly by T. J. Grenoble.

COAL.—Pea, 3.50; Chestnut, 4.75; Stove, Egg, 4.75. 5.00

Philadelphia, Sept. 14, 1885.
(Corrected Weekly.)

	Chicago.	Philadelphia.
Wheat	80½	—80½
Corn	43½	—45½
Oats	25½	—33½
Pork	8.72½	
Lard	6.22½	

SAMUEL WHITE, Jr., Com'n Broker
23 South Third Street.